

Quim

*for dykes of all sexual
persuasions*

Issue 4 1992 £4.00/\$12.95



tell it (right between)

Beggin' your pardon for our lateness. We have lots of excuses. First we were both out of the country for much of the winter and got a late start. Then we were travelling some, taking the mag to places like Liverpool and Manchester, (and rowing with bookshop collectives that won't stock us - how many of you shop in these women's bookstores that refuse to carry us, anyway?) Hustling to get a computer, finding money to keep body and soul together and fending off bailiffs all takes us away from the mag too. (Okay, so we did have some time loolling around in the summer sun as well, can you blame us?)

It took us ages to get print money together because our major UK stockist couldn't pay us and our biggest advertisers blew us out. Money troubles account for the price increase which we reluctantly had to make to keep going. We put it off as long as we could but when it comes to the crunch it makes the difference between having a magazine and not having a magazine. So anyone who bitches us up about it gets a smacked bottom! (And no we're not funded by anybody including - as rumour has it - gay men.) Because of this unreliable flow of cash we'll come out when we can afford to rather than raise hopes and then piss you off.

What puts the wind back in our sails is your letters and contributions from all over the world - so keep them rolling in. Nothing makes us happier than getting a brilliant piece of work from someone we've never heard of. Send us your rambles, anecdotes, the story you write in your head when you're waiting for the bus, those photos that only your lover and the cat have seen. Shy ones step forward! It doesn't matter how long or short it is, if we like it we'll work the mag out around you. It doesn't matter if your spelling and grammar's crap - so's ours - just get it to us because the bottom line is this magazine can't live without you.

Sophie & Lulu

Submissions Free-For-All

We're opening up the submissions page so there is more variety for you to choose to write about. Pick and choose amongst the topics or make up your own. Write to Quim, BM 2182, London WC1N 3XX, UK

Cunts

Do you like to lick? Do you like to be licked? What's your pot name? Do you like little lips, big lips, plump lips or loose lips? How do you find her clit? Can you describe the infinite variety of tones and colours and textures you've encountered? Can you tell by someone's mouth what their cunt will look like? What's your favourite flavour?

Fetishes

What is a fetish to you? Is it a behaviour or an object or a part of the body?

Labels

What do you call yourself and why? In what order would you label yourself? Are your labels based on external things about yourself or internal?

Vanilla sex

What is vanilla sex? What is the hottest vanilla sex you've had?

(A note for everybody...

All money goes on printing, postage, and computer stuff so we can't pay you or ourselves for submissions.

Brief encounters

Do you have flings? One night stands? Affairs? What do you call those philanderings? How casual is casual sex for you? How do you keep it light? What happens when you don't want to - or she doesn't? Do you hold her gaze longer than usual? Share intimacies? Or do you talk about it? How do you talk to your girlfriend(s)/ other lover(s) about the sex you're having with someone else? How do you deal with your own and your lovers' jealousy?

Sex

Do you have as much sex as you want? How much do you have? How much do you want? Do you get enough of the kind of sex you want? Why do you want more sometimes and less at others?

Coming out

When did you know you were a lezzie? Did you get called that at school? Did you know what it was? What was your first realisation about what a lesbian was, let alone that it might apply to you? Or was it a complete surprise when you came out? What was your first sex like? Were you nervous, excited - or disappointed?

Rimming

Do you lick arse - with or without latex, clingfilm? How did you discover it?

Stories/poems

Short ones, long ones, send them in. Let us know if you want to see the photo or drawing we use with your writing.

Food

What do you like to eat, suck and nibble on during those sessions with a lover that go on for days? Goopy cakes, sweets or special munchies? And when you're too blissed out to shop or cook do you order in? Do you get fatter or thinner when you fall in love - or break up?

like it is (in the eyes)

Dis-abilities

How has illness, disability or surgery altered your sex, your confidence and your getting layed? How do you negotiate sex in regards to this? Do you lay it on the line? Do you avoid certain sexual practices and why?

Power

What is it? Do you want it? Do you fear it? How do you build it, keep it, give it away? What is empowerment? How does sex relate to your beliefs and feelings about power?

Photographs

We always need more photographs, either single shots to go with stories/features or series of pictures for our photo spreads. Please let us know if you'd like to see the piece they're illustrating.

Sex work

Whoring, stripping, shows? Do you have sex for funds? How do you make it emotionally and physically safe for yourself? How do your lovers feel about your work or do you trade together?

What is sexy

What is it about that girl that turns you on? The way she smokes, drives a car, clears the table, plays guitar, dances or sucks her thumb!? What makes you think she'll be good in bed? What are those everyday behaviours that turn your thoughts to sex?

Boys

Do you sleep with boys/men - in your head or in your bed? Are they straight or gay? Old or young? What are your fantasies? How can you sleep with a boy and still call yourself a lesbian?

(A note for photographers and models ...)

When we receive pictures, we assume photographers and models have thought about and agreed where and how photos are used before they are sent to us - either contractually or verbally, whatever makes both women feel safest. It's a real problem for us if photos are withdrawn at the last minute because of misunderstandings between photographers and models. If for example, a model does a shoot, then gets a job where she isn't Out and so doesn't want to be seen in a dyke and/or sexual context, please let the photographer and us know as soon as possible.)

Subscriptions

Listen up - if you scrawl your name and address so it looks like art therapy don't be surprised if your mag ends up on somebody else's door mat - we replace missing mag's as often as possible but it gets expensive. If you don't use the western alphabet eg. Russians, please translate your address! If you're not in the UK send us cash in your own currency or preferably sterling. Otherwise - as a last resort because they're difficult to process - an international money order, made out to Quim, that has the amount in sterling as well as your own currency.

Quims one and three available - two's have sold out.

Say whether you're ordering 1,3,4 or the next issue, 5 and send your name and address with £££'s (£4.50 each inc postage) or cheques (made out to Quim) to:

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ANGELS

&

Angry Women is not just about women, but about the future survival of our planet. This project began with the inquiry: "Which artists are most in tune with the times-delving deeply into issues which concern us now?" Consistently, women performance artists seemed most perceptive (and poetic) in their criticism of social and political inequities; in their radical public disclosure of personal humiliation, pain and injustice (an act of catharsis which benefits society); and in their calls for a new consciousness which for the first time would integrate political action, cutting-edge theory, linguistic reconstruction, adventurous sexuality, humor, spirituality and art toward the dream of a society of justice.

Introduction by Andree Juno & V. Vale

A woman knows that if she wears that skirt, dresses herself up and feels good about herself-that at the same time she's potentially risking sexual violence. And the fact that this is accepted as 'normal' makes me almost want to cry. In a way women are like Christmas trees: normally they're not part of life (or a man's world)...but adorned and decorated, they're an accepted accessory.

Karen Finley

If inside you is a little girl who's snickering at something you do, then you bring that little girl out and give her the attention she needs-you reveal her 'sins' in public so that she can get on with her life-i.e. disappear! So that the next time you make love to your favourite lover in the world, there's not that little snickering 7-year-old there to create static amidst your ecstasy-you know what I mean?

Linda Montano

I became fascinated by how a lot of the stereotypes for Asian women ('passive', 'non-assertive', 'quiet') are just the opposite of the stereotypes that plague black women ('aggressive', 'loud', 'mean'). It's like we exist in two radically different poles in the economy of racism. And it's those positionings that make it hard for Asian women and black women to come together...

Irell hooks

I'd like to see a women's army storm into the White House with Uzis and shotguns and eliminate at least half the population who work in politics. They're killing you slowly-what's the alternative? Kill them quickly, kill them now-before they kill everything else, okay? That's the only

choice. Sorry-I didn't make it up, you know? Revolution is not a new concept-it just hasn't been practiced for a long time in this country...not in the way other countries are willing to practice it. And there's no time left.

Lydia Lunch

...because before integration there was this big hope: that once the doors opened, we would be allowed in! Now that hope is gone-black people know their lives are of no value.

Twelve-year-old boys know that our government wants to fry them-boys my son's age. They want to put them in the electric chair or gas chamber or in prison for life.

Wanda Coleman

They don't want us to understand that they understand their system doesn't work! And that their 'theories' are just that: unproven hypotheses. They have sold us their theories.

Most people never fully realize that much of the so-called 'reality' that's sold them is based on thoughts that are not even true, yet we can literally be locked up in nuthouses for not accepting 'reality' as it's presented to us.

But I don't want their language; I don't want their linear male 'murder mind'. I'm not trying to be another Shakespeare or Henry James-I'm trying to find the blackest, bloodiest, female-est form of expression I can.

Sapphire

All things are sexist! Pornography is sexist, books are sexist, magazines are sexist. For many historical reasons, there is this fear of sex in women. It was a big step when women said, 'We'll start making pornography; we'll take over those areas.' It's fantastic that women are doing this! And men just can't deal with it - that's what all this recent censorship is about: the men are freaking out!

Kathy Acker

An individual's story about someone using or abusing a child-that means something to me.

But don't talk to me about 'kiddle porn' because that's just been the battering ram of the right wing to close down 1) legitimate sex education of young people, and 2) the whole media of eroticism. When progressive-minded people (erotic artists, whatever they call themselves) are trying to create new words, pictures and ideas and bring diversity, creativity and quality to this medium, it really hurts us to have critics and nay-sayers saying, 'Well, we don't know if we can buy this; after all you may be child pornographer!' That kind of instant condemnation terminates discussion; there's nothing more to say once that label has been dropped...

Susie Bright

From the Angry Women anthology published by Research

BAD

ASSES

Mano Destra

By Cleo Uebelmann

Mano Destra is an exercise in sexual meditation with s/m as a form of zen. The dominator is the devoted craftswoman and the submissive is her physical sculpture who she moulds and suspends with rope. You either submit and lose yourself in the solemn reverence of the ritual or resist and remain frustrated because neither of these women gets even close to coming. Heels click along a corridor forever. The 'top' tenderly considers her possession but never takes her. The 'bottom' strains against her ties and is never released. Anticipation not arrival is the point.

Mano Destra is one of those obscure films that comes around occasionally at independent cinemas like the Scala in London.

There's also a beautiful collection of stills from the film available from: Verlag Claudia Gehrke, 7400 Tübingen, PF 1621, Germany.

FLINTY



She Don't Fade

Directed by Cheryl Dunne (USA 1991 23 mins video)

And she don't. Of all the films at the lesbian and gay film festival which this punter saw, it was the most enduring in my memory. For one thing, it was funny, a scarce enough phenomenon in itself.

The film maker and her friends tell their anecdotes of the pitfalls of serial monogamy in an unselfconscious style. The director - Cheryl Dunne - confesses - "I pretty much had relationships as a livelihood". Between those direct to camera confessions and piss-takes from her friends, the action takes place.

Deciding to take control of her life the main character (played by the director) takes the pledge, determined to end her cycle of falling in and out of lust. She manages to have a non-committal affair with someone and is pretty pleased with herself...until...She passes a stunning stranger on the street.

As she recounts to her best buddy - "I saw her, and it was from the eyes to the hooch, know what I mean?" From there on all her resolve is lost. She tells her pitiful tale to this long-suffering friend - "I just feel like I'm torn between two lovers..." Like the good friend she is she has no pity whatsoever and just breaks into her rendition of "torn between two lovers feelin' like a fool, - lovin' you both is breakin' all the rules..." Like you would. But our heroine in past saving - She sighs. "It was just a cosmic magical energy thing."

That's about it in terms of story, she dumps the casual fuck and after that you somehow know that all her newfound independence is going to go the way of all flesh as she begins her new thing.

For those who need to know these things, there is a sex scene, although to my mind the sexiest thing about the film is the relaxed banter of the buddies who made the film, and the way this translates on the screen. A real female buddy movie.

MICHELE HICKSON

Susie Bright's Sexual Reality

by Susie Bright

Cleis Press £6.95

Moving beyond the sexual navigational skills of Susie Sexpert's Lesbian Sex World while retaining her shameless and enthusiastic curiosity for sex and all associated positionings, this is a collection of short essays expanding upon personal experience and universalising desire as context. Expect sharp observation, a wicked sense of humour, common sense and a lot of well lubricated intention.

LINDA GIBSON

(See 'Hippy Chick' later on in the mag for more Susie B.)

INVERTS

&

Zines

I can't deal with reviewing each of these mags, truth is I'm shit at it, so suffice to say these are our favourites and most of these list more 'zines if you turn into a addict like us. For the ones from the states we will list the price in US dollars which is a bit more than one half in pounds (\$2 = £1.50) but add postage and please send cash as most of them don't have bank accounts and/or most US banks won't cash UK cheques.

Brat Attack, 'Do-It-Yourself s/m'. Of all the 'zines filling the racks in the States, this is my favourite - up-front, funny, and informative. \$4 for one issue or \$10 for 3 issues to Brat Attack, POB 40754, San Francisco, CA 94141-0754.

Taste of Latex - Omnisexual magazine - all sexual flavours with no bitter after taste of apology. \$4 each, latest is #6, to PO Box 460122, San Francisco, CA 94146.

Bad Attitude - The original hard core dyke fiction magazine. \$5 each (they have done at least 15 issues) to Bad Attitude, PO Box 39110, Cambridge, MA 02139.

Girljock - is not just a sports magazine. They are up to issue 6, \$11 for a one year sub. Send money to Rox-a-tronic, PO Box 2533, Berkeley, CA 94702.

Cultrix - The only 'zine that manages to get stuff we want before us! They have 2 issues out, \$5 each to 2300 Market St #28, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Frighten the Horses - What queer really means in the States (along with Taste of Latex). 8 issues so far, single copies \$6 each or one-year sub for \$24.

Black Lace - Unfortunately, this 'zine has only appeared once, erotica by and for African-American lesbians. \$6 to BLK Publishing Co, Box 83912, Los Angeles, CA 90083-0912.

Wicked Women - Australia's gift to the dyke world, heavy s/m slant, glossy, fiction, photos and information. We don't know how many issues they have, but they've been around for a while. AUS\$6 for one issue to Wicked Women, PO Box 305, Redfern, Sydney, Australia. 2016.

Specific Pleasure - Someone sent us this UK dyke produced 'zine, but we have no info about it. It was done as a one-off, but we want to see more! Zeroxed, nicked photos and intelligent conversation (if a bit on the careful side).

LULU

More SCUM

If you can't find the SCUM manifesto in your local bookshop, Phoenix Press has a new edition for you. Send £1.50 plus 50p p&p to AK Press, 3 Balmoral Place, Stirling, FK8 2RD.

Places (and a way - in Manchester - to get there)

G-Spot, Broadwalk, Little Peter Street, Manchester, 25th September then every second wednesday, 9 til 2. (via Elle's Belle's dyke taxis 061 226 8888) Girls With Attitude pool nights (10 Plevna Road, Top Floor Edmonton Green, London N19.

Go Girl Crazy 1am til 5am, 1st November, at Heaven, London. Scala all-nighter, Kings X, London, new year's eve.

Freedom

The Lesbian and Gay Freedom Movement puts out an excellent newsletter with items ranging from updates on Operation Spanner to poetry to things like 'Play the lgfm sexuality labelling game!'. You can subscribe by sending your name and address, along with cash or blank PO for £5 waged or £3 unwaged (for we don't know how many issues but we s'pose you'll find out) to LGFM, BM Box 207, London WC1N 3XX.

Buxom Buds

Bosom Buddies was making it's way to the press the same time we were so we don't know what it's like but if the last one was anything to go by it's going to be a good'n - the only comic for wayward women.

Postcard from New York

Went out last night and found myself in the foyer of a large building, in what looks like an airport security check - complete with metal detectors and uniformed (female) security staff.

"Got any mace, firearms or knives?" one of them says.

"Uuuhh... I don't think..."

"Lemme just pat you down here....uh huh...ok, in you go sweetie."

We enter the hot interior of this packed, mostly black and hispanic club. The music is high energy and the women are dressed to kill - minis, stockings, high heels and legs to their armpits. I feel decidedly drab in my London dyke drag and skinhead haircut. We make straight for the 'powder' room and the scene is electric. Femmes eye me up, leaning against the wall in various bent leg poses while a posse of butches rearrange their hair stock in front of mirrors, cutting sideways glances at each other. This is punctuated by outbursts of friendly insults to passing acquaintances in rapid New Yorker. This club is friendly and very, very busy - apart from the interrogation at the entrance - with lots to look at and dance to. Next time it's got to be my DDD - dyke drag drag - I'll haul out my little black number and slingbacks.

PS

One odd thing about NY clubs is the presence of curious male onlookers - the women I've talked to tho seem unconcerned about their motives, voyeuristic or otherwise.

The Octagon is at Third Avenue & East 29th Street, New York City

MANDY ROBERTS

ANDROMANIACS

SH

"How come all the dildoes are lying down?", the dykes who run Sh, a sex shop for women, were asked. "Oh, that's because if we have them standing up they're considered erect and we can get busted under the porn laws that say penises can't stand higher than 45%." What a peculiar country we live in. Check out flat dildoes (rubber with large bases you trim to suit), toys of all kinds, props, basques, bondage and all that stuff at 22 Coronet Street, London EC1. Telephone 071- 359 6533.

Aphrodite

Aphrodite who were in the last issue - vibrators, silicone dildoes, leather and rubber things - have an address now and are at PO Box 47, Chorlton, Manchester, M21 2EJ They have two catalogues, one for sex toys and one for the leather and rubber things. Tell them which one you want when you sent £1.50 for each catalogue.

Belt Up & Buckle Off

And more info for the toy starved dykes who write to us for contacts. Belt Up & Buckle Off, pioneers of the big based, balless and dyke produced dildo (which makes them cheaper than the boy's) is going strong. For their leatherwear, rubberwear, and toys (free) catalogue ring Suzie or Ann 071 622 9391

POUT

BM Lagvid

London WC1 3XX

POUT Issue One - £4.50 + pp

POUT Issue Two - £6.00 + pp

Cheques made payable to POUT

Also from Tower and HMV record shops and Blockbuster hire

Britain's only Queervideomag is now two issues old, showcasing the good, the bad and the ugly personal versions of a queer world. Billed as home movie classics with tongue firmly in cheek, an overview would be more homely than classic but for the endearing quality of POUT's enthusiasm and chuckle-o-vision sense of humour. With its roots firmly in trash television, the short magazine format dodges issue based articles, avoids the didactic self consciousness of a diary and spurns any hallowed notions of a slick production. While reflecting gay culture, the videos in the first two issues have no pretensions toward art, preferring the liveliness of a fanzine, each video firmly projecting the star or stars in his/her/their own home movie. Suprisingly, there are no short movie ideas or on-going adventures, the video makers preferring to piss-take television journalism not take-over Hollywood. With no public access station this is "It" - in glorious watch and wipe should you choose the erase button.

Issue 1, premiered at the 1992 Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, is a lively mix of traditional format - a cooking programme complete with bottle of sherry and cream that won't whip, a horoscope read by Marylyn and filmed in Warholesque, a lesbian travelogue to Brighton - general interest - the women from the Shocking Pink collective, OutRage's Kiss

In at Piccadilli Circus - specific interest - food sex; navel down culinary exploration, lesbian fantasies; top or bottom? - and Queeries - Would you buy your mother a dildo? Do Lesbians Cruise? And more. Finishing on the Family Album photographs of different pretend family events, is a suitably fireside method of closing the show.

Issue 2 heralds in a few changes. New titles, links and twice the length, it also introduces presenter Angel Perv, Disney's outed Tinkerbelle, brought in allegedly to create some 'much needed coherence', a pseudo studio link. Effectively replacing the on-the-spot live Queeries of the first edition, the pink puppet Perv lives up to neither name nor function, an attempt to legitimise the cheeky chaotic anarchy of the first issue with a structured camp humour - echoes of the humourless worst in terrible television presenters. Apart from this, the second issue brings more video enthusiasts out of the closet, allowing us to see into the weird and wonderful recesses of someone else's mond. PC Perv is POUT's first foray into animation, one Bobby's hard day's beat; OutRage's Drop Your Trousers For a Member of Parliament demo; lesbian sexy toy firm Belt Up and Buckle Off is infiltrated by a very wobbly video; for any willie women out there, a simple guide on how to cast a plaster Percy; The Family Album is back and so are some of the faces. While exhortations to support 'our' community can be tiresome and will eventually fall on selectively deaf ears - POUT is value for money, and their open door policy offers the possibility of not only watching a wide selection of other queer videos, but also of getting yours shown. POUT positively flaunt their desire for involvement - you can either buy a copy or contact them about your video. Be a star.

LINDA GIBSON



The Brendas

Melancholic guitar riffs (Wendy & Elyott), powerful drumming (Nikki), bass that gets to your guts (Jenny), vocals that slice through your heart (Jane), irreverant wit that makes you laugh, and lyrics that make the hairs stand up on the back of your neck because you've been to the place they're telling you about. Basically.....

A band with a bit of bollocks to it

SMASHES

Queer as Fuck My Arse

Whatever your attitude or political stance as regards the Q word, you've got to admit it rolls nicely off the tongue. It's that hard Kay sound that makes you wanna put your lips together and blow. K-WEER. Mmmm. But like queen, quest, quirt, and quench there is more to queer than the sheer pleasure that many Q words give. This relentless (gay) media bombardment, this so called 'debate' around a mythical 'Queer Politics' is entirely fallacious. I mean, its basic English, innit? Queer is an adjective and the white boys are trying to make it into a noun. A person, place or thing that all equals a political strategy for the boys by the boys. Yeah, I loved the QUEER AS FUCK T-shirts, and Homocult's FAG BOY DYKE STUD Club Cards. The Homocult party crew even seemed to take on lesbian sex, in fact S&M and sexy dykes were a fab propaganda tool, eh? For a brief moment I believed that Queer as a concept might even be a verb, an *action* that would include lesbians and others who were disenchanted by our 'Gay Community'. An action that could make a dent in gay men's misogyny. However it now looks like it was merely a clever marketing tool. The Pink Pound's latest triumph. You bought the T shirt, read the book, now here's the video.

Let's talk a bit about power. Money is power and this white girl ain't got none. Words are Power, but the MMM (Male Media Mafia) has that sewn up, tight. The Pink Paper wants us to believe they are the progressive gay and lesbian free sheet. That they really care about lesbians. Give me a break. Are any drykes involved in Mind Master? (Mind Master are the publishing moguls behind The Pink Paper, Boyz and the Angel Cafe in London). Capital Gay and Gay Times make no such claims and so we are grateful for the few crumbs they do throw our way. The editors of the Gay and Out sections of London's two listing magazines, Time Out and City Limits are both men, although City Limits does have a lesbian Co-Editor. Before you despair look on the bright side, we still have QUIM, the one and only lesbian magazine in Britain. The one that our Gay Community Bookshops; Gays the Word, Silvermoon and Sisterwrite refuse to stock. And of course over a year later these same bookshops, refuse to stock LOVEBITES (and the last issue of QUIM), as they hide behind the cloak of the Obscene Publications Act which they hope will conceal their dagger of moral righteousness. Am I making myself clear? Ask yourself, why isn't this an issue with groups like OUTRAGE? Don't they purport to support lesbian issues? In fact, have there been any OUTRAGEous actions that address lesbian concerns? The insidious and underhanded censorship of lesbian sexual materials by our own communities is a civil rights issue that ought to concern all of us. Why do we just take it? Where is the moral outrage of lesbians? When Camille Paglia asked why after 6 years of ON OUR BACKS lesbian writing and photography wasn't better I had to laugh. How can it even begin to get better if BIG SISTER & BIG BROTHER won't even let us see it on the rare occasions it is produced?! It isn't possible to improve on something you don't have in the first place.

If the 90s is to be the QUEER DECADE there's a few major behavioural adjustments we have to make. So if you want to call yourself Queer, that's fine. I'm a pussy licking sodomite myself. Because until the white boys are prepared to give it up they can fuck my fat dyke ass. Or I'll fuck theirs. Now *that* would be queer.

DELLA GRACE



CONTRASEXUALS

HIV+?

With the aim of meeting with HIV+ lesbians - (the women who don't show up on the statistics?), Positively Women in association with the lesbian counselling group PACE, are opening their doors for a one off evening on October 23rd from 5 til 8 O'clock. More details from Hope 071 480 5501 or Jackie 071 251 2689. (See pages 50/51 for HIV info and comment)

Mothers of invention

In San Francisco some women have started organising what we've always done informally, a bartering network where you exchange skills in their newsletter's listings - someone swaps computer time for childcare, or offers artwork for having her dogs walked, for example. An imaginative way of dealing with our poverty - which is getting worse! The newsletter is interesting in itself, it gives you an idea of what a dyke's economic situation is like in the States. In the Winter/Spring 92 issue there are articles on 'Believing in Peace and Paying for War' (about US taxes) and an editorial 'Some Thoughts on Class and Barter', yes, in case you hadn't guessed, the class system is alive and thriving in the States. They are also doing an International apartment swap for those into travelling. To get a copy they say send a \$2.00 donation, free if you are broke to: Womyn's Barter Network, 1087 Valencia St. #F, San Francisco, CA 94110.

Sandra Bernhart

"You know it amazes me that lesbians have adopted Madonna as an icon. Madonna wouldn't go down on you if her life depended on it"

"People say they're confused by my sexuality - THEY'RE confused!"

Filthy Habits

Was anyone else watching late night telly on August 9th and amazed to see lots of nuns embracing, stroking and generally cavorting around with each other in a french film called 'La Religieuse'. It may be an art movie but how many of us had our minds and clits stirred and our fingers down our knickers as the Mother Superior, obviously consumed with passion, pursued the rebellious novice? The biggest turn-on for ages. Look out for it next time. Apparently during the middle ages the church was actually the principal source of sex information - even if it was just to warn people what not to do if they were to escape eternal damnation. (Typical anti-sex crusader's excuse to talk dirty by the sounds of it) Keep an eye out for friezes of fannies on the outside walls of some old churches.

Leather, metal covered lycra and pointed steel armour for the untouchables. Clothes (also on page 21) by Velda Lauder at Pagan Metal in the Basement of the Trocadero, Picadilly. Seven days til 10pm. 081 674 1076. Photo by DIXIE THOMAS



Jennifer Saunders

"Rebecca knew I was a bird, and that she was a lesbian. But her mum and dad were middle class and snotty so she told them I was a man to keep herself clear. I couldn't believe it when I was arrested. I went along with all the stupid things she was saying as I loved her more than anything else in the world."

"I had a bad time in prison. But the prison's full of dykes. I've had a girlfriend for nine months. It's like Paradise City in Styal. They all kept joking about my dildo. There never was no dildo. They thought there had to be a penis involved, so they said that about the dildo - my tongue was good enough!"

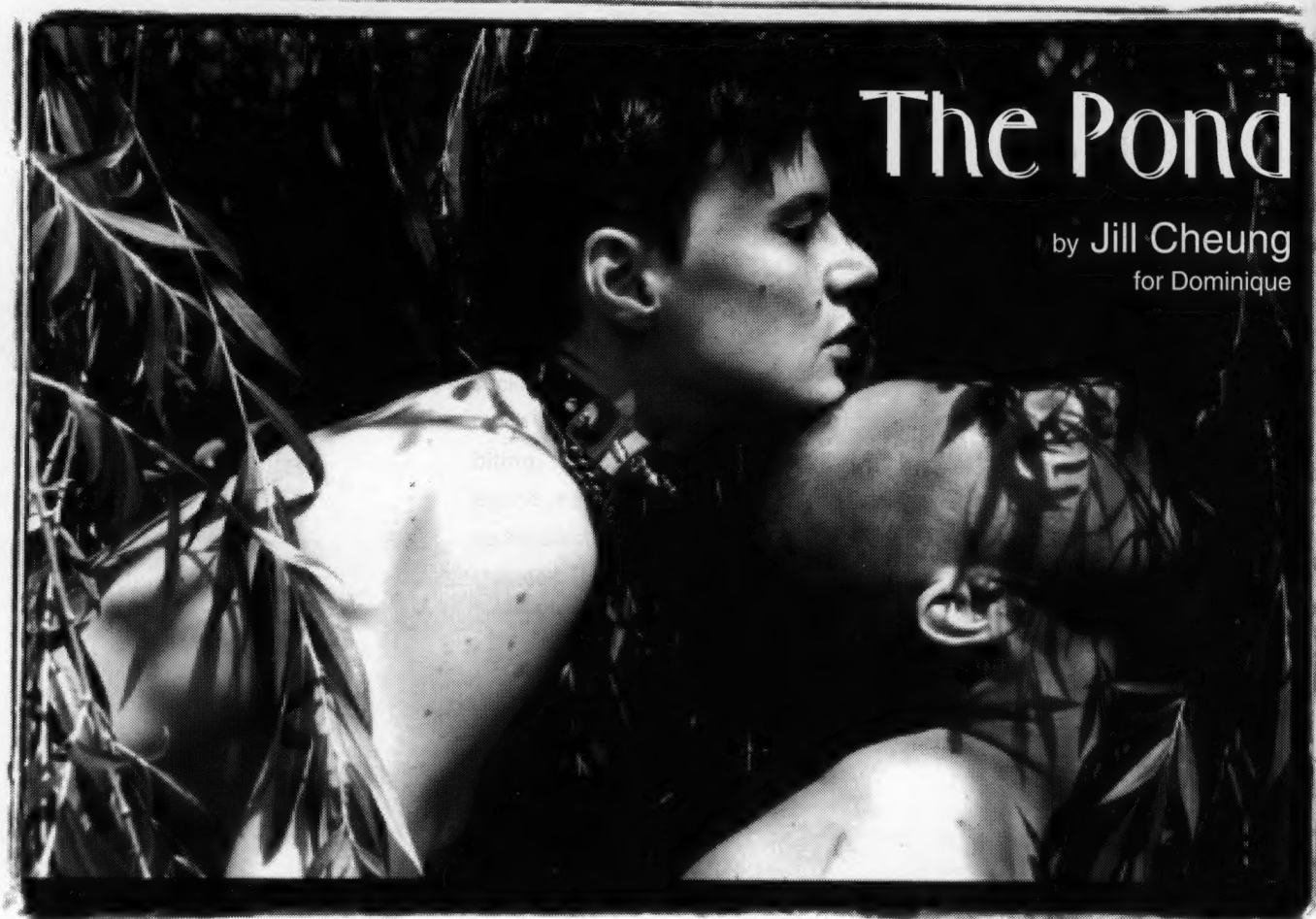
Quotes from an interview by CHERRY SMYTH with Jennifer Saunders whose sentence was reduced from six years to two years probation for indecently assaulting two girls - they said they thought Jennifer was a boy.

And the new religion

Do you masturbate or engage in sexual activity with partners in public places? Have sexual thoughts interfered with your ability to function at school or work? Do you masturbate while driving? All seems perfectly innocent but according to this bloody silly survey by some group called the Recovery Trust, if you answer 'yes' to these questions you may be a sexaholic and in need of '12-step help for love addicts'. Who knows, perhaps some people benefit but beware: considering their links with Christian movements, there's a danger that 12 Step programmes like this one are actually guilt trips to stop us enjoying ourselves and offer 'recovery' as a form of heavenly reward for being well-behaved. Remember the agents of the State work in mysterious ways.

PLINTY

Efforts to avoid using the 'L' word have led to some imaginative alternatives which time seems to have forgotten. Where did these originate from: Roaring Girls, Smashes, Contrasexuals and Andromanicas? For more fascinating snippets from the archives get *Lesbian Lists* by Dell Richards. (Available from Silvermoon and distributed by GMP, £6.95.)



The Pond

by Jill Cheung
for Dominique

It was summer, the best time I find for chilling out and playing pool. But even this evening was too hot for me to concentrate on winning my game. I was losing, and feeling pretty bad about it. 'Click.....clunk'. 'Click'. Satisfying sounds were rolling over the green baize of the pool table, a muffled clunk as a ball settled home. Again the sounds repeated themselves, one after the other, ceaseless and untiring. I looked around. There she stood, putting them home, perfect and ceaseless. But it wasn't just her playing I was interested in.

My own game was over, I picked up my drink and sauntered over for a closer look. Skin the colour of butter-scotch from the summer sun glowed through the rips of her well-worn jeans, and flowed over the muscles in her arms, tense with apprehension. Hair damp with sweat, swept back over a forehead slightly furrowed in concentration, eyes, soft, deep and brown, now squinting down the length of her cue, her lips were pouted, there was a dimple in her chin, that cute tight looking ass. I felt a hot burning throb beginning between my thighs. Then the other player put her arm around her, she laughed, then kissed her. Too bad I'm not butch. Hell! I suppose it's time to move on.

I go back to my friends, half listening to their conversation, politely murmuring 'uh-huh' every now and again as a token gesture of participation whilst my eyes were searching for anyone else in this crowded bar who might satiate my newly aroused appetite. No one. Ally's asking me a question, I turn to answer and there She is, standing by the wall with her pool shooter's stare aimed squarely at me. Her eyes glittered, then turned downwards to my boots. I could feel those eyes dancing upwards along my naked legs, and over my body, to finally rest again on my face. My heart began to race, what should I do, I can't let her go, stone butch is nowhere in sight, goddam it and I'll not lose this one, try and stay cool. I give her a wink, she smiles and winks back. 'Oh, so you do know each other then' comes the sarcastic comment from Ally. I smile in answer and make my excuses for going up to her, ignoring their teasing comments as I leave.

We talk for a while, our eyes and bodies saying much more than we dare in words. She complains of the heat, I suggest an icy cool swim at the Pond. 'Yeah, but it's all locked up at this time of night'.

'You can climb a fence can't you?' I half teased, half challenged her. 'You coming?' I said, turned and walked out of the bar. I'd expected her to follow and she did. We get into the car and in silent anticipation we drive to the Pond. Getting in is no problem.

We walk across the grass towards the water. She stops me and turns me to face her. She begins to undress and in silence I watch her reveal the soft feminine curves of her muscular body, and the full round breasts. She steps forward pulling me to her and slowly caresses my face with her lips. Her lips meet mine, we begin to kiss, tentatively then eagerly, with voracious hard tongues. I can feel her breasts with their hardened nipples rubbing against me, and the scent of her desire growing stronger, filling my chest with so much wanting. My hands run over her back and the curve of her ass, her's running up my vest and then through my hair. She tugs at my shorts, they drop to the ground. She pushes me to my knees and pulls off my vest, grabbing a handful of hair she pulls my face into her cunt. My face nuzzles in the down of her crotch, my lips find her sex wet, hot and swollen, I breathe deeply filling myself with her desire, my tongue waters, my own cunt is burning and moist. My tongue begins to curl over and over her full, hard clit whilst my fingers lightly work her desire around the entrance to her cunt but refusing to enter her. She moans, she begins to sway, her legs quivering. She pushes her sex further into my mouth begging me to enter her with my fingers, but I continue to play over the lips of her sex. She is so wet with desire, she begins to squirm

to try and 'catch' my fingers but it is no use, she pulls wildly at my hair.

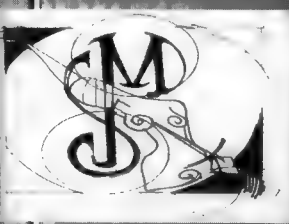
I pull her down to the ground and kneeling between her legs I slide my hand now covered with the cream of her passion, back and forth over her clit, cunt and ass. I suck at her breasts so tender and soft. She moans, ordering, begging me to release her from her torment. My own sex is burning, yearning and hungry to feel her against me. If I can hold her in this state I know she will do anything for me. I remove my hand and push my own cunt against hers. We cunt fuck wildly, her wet pussy slamming against my own. It's so good to feel the heat of her sex burning against my own, mixing and exchanging the product of our desire. I come unexpectedly, but I don't stop fucking her. I suddenly enter her with my fingers, she is burning. I work my fingers in and out, her cunt is tight and creamy. Her moans are now quicker and heavier, her breasts are quivering as her chest rises and falls with her panting. Her back is beginning to arch upwards, the muscles in her cunt are becoming ever tighter, squeezing around my fingers. I work my hand even quicker, relentlessly, then suddenly I hear her scream, breasts pushing skywards, head falling back, the muscles enveloping my fingers contracting violently, her whole body is shuddering. I hold her there, gently stroking her clit.

She opens her eyes and gives me a smile, 'Your turn' she murmurs. She takes hold of my arms forcing me to lie on my stomach. She's bigger than me and I couldn't push her off even if I wanted to. Pinning my arms to the ground I feel her place her legs either side of my body, then I feel her rub her wetness over my buttocks and her breasts brush by back. Just a slight touch but enough to sensitise every inch of skin on my body. I want her to rub her pussy hard over my ass, I beg her to but she won't. Revenge being her reason. My own clit is aching with expectancy, I try to wriggle to relieve the tension. Then suddenly there is a stinging wallop on my ass, the pain streaks through me. 'Stop moving, or I'll go', I know she won't leave me but I feel as though I have no choice but to do as she says. She lifts me by the hips a little and then I feel her tongue running around my ass hole and fingers working my clit, her other hand squeezing my breasts, my ass still burning from the slap of her hand. This is torturous, I want her inside, but I mustn't move. My ass hole is aching and my cunt is itching for her fingers. I can't help it. I begin to feel totally helpless and can do nothing but beg. She slides her fingers into my cunt, relief at first then uncontrollable wanting, wanting to swallow her whole fist inside of me. I am soaking with desire, I begin to move in motion with her hand. Faster and faster, my legs begin to stiffen, I feel so much pleasure, I am on the brink of coming. There is a sudden sharp pain in my ass hole, she has a finger up my ass! I have to stop, the painful pleasure in my ass is too much. I tell her to leave my ass hole, but she won't and begins to move gently inside, I curse and scream at her but she still won't stop. Instead she strokes my back and ass, and then rubs my clit telling me that if I behave it'll be so good for me. She says I feel good and tight, relax and enjoy what she's going to do to me. I listen, I daren't move, the heady mix of pain, pleasure and fear, the feeling of her, is all too much. The hunger in my cunt is now unbelievable and she moves in and out my butt and along my clit, I claw at the ground crazy with desire. All I can think of is cunt, clit and ass. Then her hand moves to my cunt and taking my whole body she fucks me wildly, tirelessly, I come, I cry out, my cunt throbbing madly, my whole body tingling, my head feels so light and dizzy. Aching and satisfied we hold each other, resting for a while.

'Do you still want a swim?' I ask.

She smiles, 'I will if you'll teach me', together we laugh and I take her to the water.





Read this at a slow even pace throughout, do not speed up, even towards the end .

I am pressing my body against the wide mesh of a cage, straining, groin against the metal, back arched. Every thrust is a tight relief and each time I pull back is a painful effort. My right hand is down there feeling my cock slide in and out and it grows out of my shaved cunt like latex meat. I want to tell you how big it is, how I can feel your wet hole tightening and then giving in to it, how much I like your little ass flinching at the rubber and metal because you feel too dirty. How much I know you like it. It's hard to stand up, isn't it? So hard not to fall on your knees with this sweet and nasty invasion of your body. You can barely support yourself by clinging onto the steel grid as if it will save your soul. All your energy is in keeping your ass up to receive my fat thing. Praying to it, moaning to it not to stop, having to say you need it in you, begging for more than the measured, controlled strokes torturing you. It's trembling like the rest of me. My teeth are bared, your mouth is open speaking bad and forbidden words exciting me making me fight to control the rhythm. I want you to be so wet that it runs down your legs so I pump forwards and up you can't take it bitch you mean no no I can't it hurts like you believe it to make you lose control and piss yourself to feel the hot liquid on my rubber armour and your naked skin. You are sweating shame let go bitch I know you need to I can't oh god I can't help it as you fight to hold it back and lose and once you've started you can't stop it squirting out a rising surge of electricity convulsing my legs my guts my neck my brain my dick my clit pulsing and twitching in your pissing snatch while you are crying and sobbing ram it in again and again until I have to shoot into you up you can my good girl bad girl thankyou sir.....

J.

The firm cool touch
of your fingers
The warm sting
of your smack
The first taste
of the lash
lingers

The cold cruel bite
of blade bleeds

My virgin back

A ruby trickle of blood
Red as my dreams; drips
from your snarling lips

As you sneer

At my pain

I thank you

And beg you

to do it

Again.

hazel mcqueen

To Scarlet

I bit you to pieces

in my dreams

with my bare teeth

then bit you together

with my bare hands

then sealed your

wounds

with antiseptic saliva

from my raw tongue

then left you

to roast

basting you

within

my spiced

juices

leonora rogers-wright



QUIMQUOTES



photo della grace



S/m helps me to forget the 'nice girl rules'. It helps overcome the guilt that early restraints have left behind, like having to do the right thing all the time. S/m helps to separate sex from all the emotional stuff. It makes me aware that pleasure and sex are my own responsibility. It becomes a way of enabling me to tell other women what I want, it allows me to give some guidance about what turns me on and making damn sure I get it!



S/m is playing games - either physical or mental; the giving and/or receiving of pleasure through pain. I consider 'heavy' s/m behaviour as burning, cutting, group scenes. 'Light' being handcuffing, blindfolding and teasing when someone is cuffed and blindfolded. I define my behaviour as s/m because I enjoy being belted, slapped, bitten and enjoy being fucked hard and doing all this to other women. I enjoy being fucked by a dildo or vibrator and am open to being whipped etc and lots of other things I've never tried. I don't relate s/m to politics whatever the 'right-on' bunch might say. I do what I want because I enjoy it and don't give a fuck what anyone else says. If I enjoy being fucked, slapped, belted or whatever who gives a damn what is politically sound?



S/m is going to the shop and finding the perfect pair of boots. Or stilettos. S/m is watching children playing cowboys and indians and wishing you were the one getting tied to the post. S/m is the motorcycle with the rider in black leather cap, filthy greasy stained jeans, heavy leather black jacket and jack boots.



Some thoughts on s/m
*Having the power to make

her come.

*Giving (pleasure) makes me feel powerful.

*s/m fantasy and sex is never far from reality, it's something I consciously want to live out.

*I like to take something that has happened in everyday life and replay it sexually. Being the one in sexual control here helps to bring together reality and the future.

*With my girlfriend I like being the dominant one doing all the work while she's the receptive one. My pleasure is in watching her slow surrender, it's in controlling her loss of controls. She's quite reserved, always cool and keeps her emotions well hidden and I love watching her change from miss super cool into a rampant bitch on heat, and knowing that it's all my doing. I like seeing this side of her that she doesn't show in daily life.

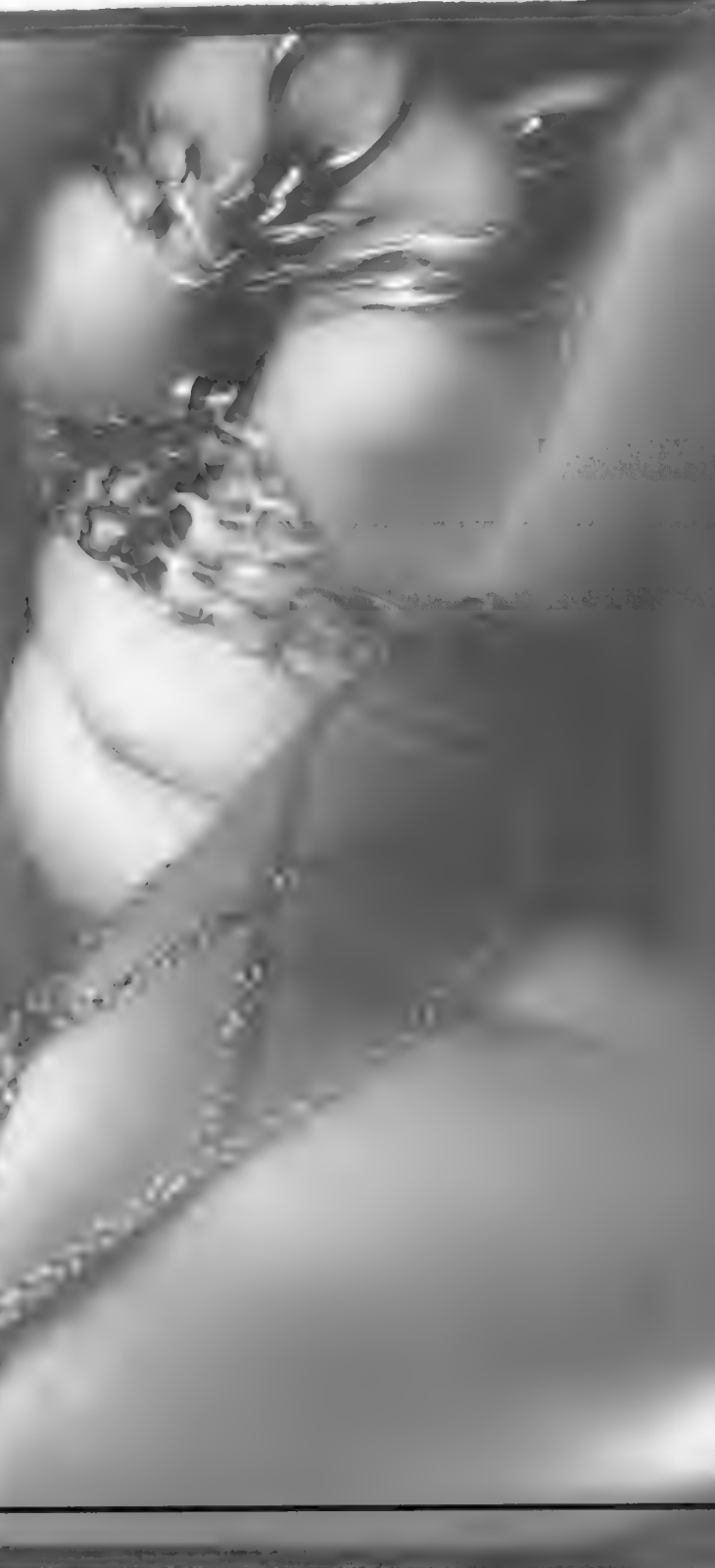
*It's about having total physical and psychological access. The stress here must be on the psychological access. To know someone else's most intimate thoughts and to have control of that part of their mind that no one else has gives me a good feeling. But this is scary at the same time, although I can't explain why.

*It's good being able to do things that we normally have to keep in check. For example, strong emotions such as anger, are not supposed to be expressed. I don't mean I want to dump my anger or whatever on another woman, but by replaying things sexually, it helps me stop internalizing my emotions, which is something I always used to do before meeting my present girlfriend and getting into an 's/m' relationship'.

*I don't think that I've ever talked about sex so much. More or less everything we do is geared towards sex - ordinary things like shopping take on a new meaning.

photo phyllis christopher

Most lovers I've had I've wanted to tie down and be rough with, but I only started making these 'demands' on my present girlfriend. This is s/m but I call it bondage so as not to put her off - she likes being tied down but couldn't call herself submissive or masochistic because of the connotations of wimpiness. I can't agree with her there, but don't mention the WORD(s/m) for her sake. But the balance of our sex life is definitely me top and her bottom and I'd love to push the bounds of trust a bit further. My definition of s/m is sex with a RECOGNITION of power-play, i.e. exchanges of sexual authority, giving it over and accepting it like a present, are always there but usually not pointed out. Pointing out the power-play in sex is an act of honesty and for that I admire women who do. But it takes two (or more) and I'd have to find someone else to be that honest with. It seems to me that the bottom gives you her trust, you accept it and then use it on her for mutual benefit. Everyone's into s/m at least to some extent - only a few manage to say so. Good for them - one day I'll join them! But I wouldn't go for a woman who wanted to be really 'heavy' - she'd look for a level of desire to dominate in me that I don't think I have. By 'heavy' I mean really painful - and I haven't the knowledge anyway to be as safe as I'd need to be. Light s/m is what I do (and my girlfriend, if she'd admit it) - bondage, rough handling, spanking, dirty talk etc. Physically it's safe - emotionally I have to watch it... If I had to be careful of heavy physical stuff, I might lose sight of how my girlfriend's MIND is doing. That's where the real pain is. So I keep an eye on it. It's up to her when she says she wants a bit of bondage etc, but it's up to me to do it or not. There's always a double control - two to do it and one to stop it. In good s/m you take care of each other - there has to be a heightened sensitivity to the other person's condition or it's not only dangerous but boring.





I think of s/m as the acknowledgment of power. Acknowledgement that the power in submission is equal to the power in domination. I suppose I am more into dominance and submission than s/m, s/m being a more physical thing. Physical pain *might* get my cunt wet, but being submissive will give me the head rush I'm after. As a top, I can only cause pain if someone has totally submitted themselves to me. With the physical (s/m), the trust lays with the individual, both bottom and top having to trust themselves to know when enough is enough, and too much is too much, and to say so. While with the emotional (submission and dominance), you are actually placing yourself in the hands of the other. This takes total trust and personally, I have only had this situation with a couple of long-term lovers and even then only when we are each feeling powerful enough in our own right and connected to each other. Of course, s/m, and dominance and submission get all wound around each other and at the end of the day, like everything else, good communication is absolutely necessary.

My first acknowledged s/m experience was simply holding my lovers hands down over her head. The look that came over her face just sent this incredible rush through my whole body. I didn't know enough to call it s/m, but I knew that this feeling was absolutely necessary to my sex life. When I did start learning about s/m and dominance and submission, I recognized the power-play in my previous relationships. I realized that a 6 year attachment I had to a lover (who I sometimes wouldn't see for months), was because I truly felt that I was thier possession, that this person owned me. I felt totally safe in that relationship. I also started recognizing where I had let myself be abused and manipulated (and where I had abused

and manipulated) in attempts to gain this particular sexual feeling/energy. Since recognizing it I like to think that I've learned to seperate which games are sexual and which I enjoy, apart from games which are abusive, either physically or mentally. I do not let myself be abused and I try not to manipulate unconsenting people into abusing me, I do not abuse others without their consent and I do not allow people to manipulate me into abusing them. I've learned to be so clear about these seperations because sexually I truly love being used. I like being physically and mentally used, with a total awareness between us of what is happening. An appreciation for each others cruelty and humiliation. I love my feelings being completley disregarded, ie. being forced to do something I find really embarrassing and then being totally ignored when I do it. Being so emotionally open to someone that they have the power to hurt me with a simple gesture or look. It makes me feel powerful and sexy. Giving it up without losing it.

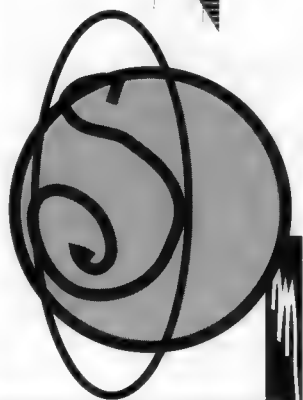
Having cathartic sex has stopped me acting out unconscious patterns of sexual abuse that I was doing before. And obviously I'm a sociologist at heart - I like to study people and their environment, psychologically and behaviourally - and I believe that people who don't act out those feelings in a sadomasochistic way, for want of a better word which actually isn't a very good word, have got problems with violence. I may not be doing them justice but the people who don't do things in the bedroom, do things in the bar-room. I can bet that people who bottle other people or fuck up people with violence don't do s/m. I like to let the feelings out. However cruel it seems I believe it's cathartic. And I might be wrong so I do a check on myself to make sure and I'm very strict about safe words. I think there's a power there and I think it's useful.

And used against me as well. I like to have it used on me. I like to be mind stimulated.

Also I enjoy extending the nature of a relationship. They now know me on another level. I believe there's a lot of personalities in one personality and that would be another person they see. If they still love me the next day, then they have more of me to love and another part of me is accepted. And if not, it all goes horribly wrong and you break up probably.

S/m can bring conscious what was unconscious. Things are only dangerous I believe when they're unconscious. For example, if instead of manipulating people to reject you because you're so frightened of rejection, you were able to bring that conscious you might be able to work out your patterns more. At the end of the day, it's about being happy but the path to happiness is to understand yourself, and allow yourself those things. The thing about mental sadism has to do with the fact that I spend a lot of my daylight hours with people who have emotional trauma and I've got a bit of a joke about that if you're being Mother Teresa all day, you have to have Adolf Hitler around somewhere to get the balance. If I'm looking after people all day, sometimes, I want to hurt someone.

I love the style of s/m dykes, because they are explicit about their sexuality in a way that just can't be ignored. Although I might play with the styles, I wouldn't say that I am into it, unless you count getting fist-fucked, which usually feels like what I would call 'bottom space'. And I do like being in control of the other woman's pleasure, even if it is only holding her down so that she can't quite get what she wants. What I think of as heavy s/m involves a primary emphasis on opposite power-defined roles, usually with pain, bondage, ore humiliation to reinforce them.





Being the curious Sagittarian that I am, I wanted to explore s/m. In the words of Mae West, when choosing between 2 evils, I choose the one I haven't tried before. I was in a bar there was this hardcore punk woman there, with a piece of rope holding her shorts up and a piece of rope around her ankle. I boldly approached her and said 'When are you going to take me home and tie me up?' She looked at me coldly and said, 'My wife doesn't like it when I fuck other bitches'. A few weeks later, I was in the toilet in the same bar, she came in and said she had talked it over with her woman and I could live with them as a trained sex slave, under that stipulation only. Me, being one to not let golden opportunities pass, readily accepted. 'Training will start immediately', she said, abruptly turning, walking out of the toilets and out the front door, with me following. She took me a few yards down the street and fucked me silly on a broken set of stairs. As she was fucking me her girlfriend drove up in a truck and said 'are you coming or what'. She got up, rearranged her clothing and said to me 'see you later, girl'. That was what my name was from then on, girl. This was the woman who was to become my Mistress. I lived with them for approximately 4 months. My dress consisted of a loincloth. I was required to keep the house clean and prepare all meals. I did the gardening and the laundry. I would remain standing until I was told to sit at my Mistress's feet. I would serve my Mistress and her lover sexually whenever and however they demanded. I never looked my Mistress in the eye. I asked permission to use the toilet. I slept at the foot of the bed. If I was very very good I slept with my Mistress and her lover. I addressed her as 'Ma'am, always. Mistress'. Her lover put up with it, to humour her. I think she thought it was a phase, a game that Mistress was playing. But it was serious. Things that I did with her were a reality that both of us respected and enjoyed. The things that she taught me. She was the first woman to slip her fist inside me and the pain - at first was overwhelming - she didn't stop and the pain became a lesson in trust and pleasure. Extreme pleasure. She showed me how to fist fuck her. She taught me about the exquisite pain/pleasure factor one can explore with someone they trust. The whole thing about the relationship with her was, about 10% of the relationship was sex. The rest was an exercise in mutual transformation; completely ripping away the person our upbringing trained us to be; allowing ourselves to be moulded into a proud self confident dominant and a proud self confident submissive. I was a very willing submissive, totally submissive. Mistress had a way of saying 'lick my boots, shine them up girl', and later commenting on their lustre, remarking on their beauty. My Mistress treated me like gold. Never letting my attentions slip by unnoticed. I was a needed necessity to her existence, as she was to mine. She told me one time only that she loved me. She would make me display myself to her. Stand there totally nude, my eyes looking at my feet while she would appreciate my body.



tell me how beautiful I was. Then order me to my knees to service her cunt as she whispered how it pleased her to see me lick her like the dog that I was. When we would go out I would go on collar and lead, sit at her feet with my hands behind my back, head bowed. When going to the gay bars I would be the proud submissive, always a step behind my Mistress, always proud because she never allowed anyone to ever hold my lead or to belittle me. She was always so pleased with her pet. Occasionally we would go to hardcore punk shows, then we were equals. But she would still call me girl, introduce me as girl. We would be the best of friends, just having a good time. When we would go to a show as 'friends' I would look her in the eye, I would stand next to her and we would laugh and we would dance, we would be punks together. I can see it now, I don't know how to capture the feeling. How do you? Just knowing that at any moment if she said, get on your knees and lick my boots that I would completely drop and service her shoes and know that noone in that club would dare show disrespect. This is years ago, when the scene was skinheads and mohawks, it was very, very rare to see gay people, you would never know if they were there. I always felt very, very safe with her. It was a very different scene, 'skins and 'hawks. Fistfights and blood, slamming, very male dominated. Then there would be these two girls, these two hardcore girls, with their attitude. We would get in the pit, the male dominated pit, and take our space, and take our power. While the girlfriends would be standing outside the circle watching. We would be in there - pow, bam, boof - bitches. On the way driving home, things would change slowly, as we neared the house, the lead would go onto the collar, I would hold my own lead on the drive, and when we got home she would pull me out of the car by my lead, I would be again the proud submissive. She always treated me with the respect only a true submissive can demand. She knew how to reward me such as allowing me to drink her piss. She had the ability to make me feel like the fucking world. That's the dangerous part of it. People think s/m is sex play. Sex is a shred of s/m. S/m is allowing a more mortal to become your goddess. I've never done it again because it would kill me. Because she was my life, she was my breath in my lungs, she took care of my every thing, a desire didn't have to be spoken, she knew. When things came to change and her lover demanded an end to our relationship, she branded my ass with her mark of ownership so that no other would have me as she had. And no one has. I once had a Mistress...



photo tracy mostovoy



As soon as I knew about corporal punishment of children I first realised I was interested. I felt excited and repelled because I knew it was wrong to hit children without their consent. I provoked by mother to hit me when I was about six and found I hated it. I also felt guilty at having made her do it. However this experience didn't stop my fantasies. When I was 7 I met a girl who went to a school with caning. She used to describe it in detail and I think we both found it exciting. By 11, I was watching *Rawhide & Wagon Train* on TV, both of which sometimes included whippings. I never felt guilty about the sexual excitement I found in this but I was worried that it was based on the fictional representation of non-consensual violence. At 13 I read Tom Brown's *Schooldays*. Again I found the s/m element in this distasteful, but stimulating nevertheless. I had fantasies at this time both of being fucked by butch men and of beatings - often in a school context, sometimes it was me being beaten and sometimes a schoolboy (never girl) while I watched. I had some sex with men and a relationship for a couple of years with a woman who wasn't into s/m. I was having good sex so s/m was only in the background of my mind. When I was 24 I started a relationship with a woman four years younger than I who had been doing s/m for years. We soon started s/m. She was basically a top but switched and I found I enjoyed both, especially being a bottom. Although I find profound satisfaction in being submissive, I have had more experience now as a top. One of my two relationships now is entirely as dominant and I find it extremely satisfying exciting and loving. I don't think though that I could say which role I enjoy more. Good s/m is about communication and respect and having a good time together. If any of these is absent it's violence, exploitation and not s/m. I like s/m because it's very intense sex, very demanding and can be so brilliant.

S/m is the liberation of power. It's not exchanges because I know that whether I top or bottom I always end up feeling more powerful.

Out of both of those I get most power out of being a bottom and being humiliated. Where maybe my eyes are covered, my mouth's gaffa taped, where someone is assuming complete control over me. But I have to give them that control. I enjoy anything that pushes me to the limit, that gives me that rush. I feel protected but I'm more aware of that after it's happened. It's the after effect. When I'm in the scene I'm not thinking 'oh my god I feel so protected.' I'm actually thinking I've just been pissed on and I'm lying here in a pool and it's revolting and my arse is in the air and I don't know what's going to happen next.

If somebody just whips me or gives pain that doesn't stop soon enough, I just get really bored and get angry and the minute I get angry it loses it. I go through stages. My first stage is nonchalance, indifference. And then it goes into insolence. I might whistle or tap my fingers to good them. Whatever it takes really. And the next stage from that is when it really starts to hurt and I forget the insolence and the indifference and everything else. And I start to hurt and I start to relish the fact that I can't move. I'm not into pain that irritates because it's more to do with the doer's power trip and frankly I'm there for me not for them. If I think somebody's just getting off on their own power it doesn't do anything for me at all. I have to get off on the fact that they're getting off on bringing me off.

I respect anyone who can keep me in that position because frankly I can normally get out of anything and I would normally get angry and flip them. If I can't feel total respect for that person, I'll flip them.

I like people to get off on my size because it takes a lot for me to give it up physically. I quite like small people because I'm giving up more - just from the tone of the voice, that complete authority. Anyone who has the bottle to assume the authority over me I'll give the chance to and then they need to back that up with physical authority.

What I get off on is the combination of 'I control you but I also venerate you at the same time'. I have to feel beautiful even when I'm in the most obscene position. What I've learnt from being a bottom and I've taken this through to when I top, is that you have to make someone feel really, really beautiful whilst knowing that they're absolutely humiliated. They can't move but they feel gorgeous. It's the duality of it that brings the rush on. I think it's a drug. I like someone who is going to yell something obscene at me and beat me about the head and then say 'did that hurt?' Again you get the alternation - I like the contrast. And the idea is to push it up a notch, up a notch. Any of these things if they happened in real life would not humiliate me at all. It's allowing myself to break through my natural shell which is 7 and half foot thick and solid lead and allowing myself a chink in my armour.

The bottom's power comes through the subliminal messages she's giving out which if the top's clever they'll pick up on. And if they do I have so much respect for that person's intelligence. I can respect them if I can put out messages that are quite oblique and they can pick them out. And we've got this verbal and body language going on and it can evolve into a proper scene. Basically you've got a communion going. I think people get lost in this 'top' and 'bottom' thing and lose track of the pure liberation of power. With people who are just starting, or people who are recognising what they may have been into for years, you have to let them, in the same way that somebody obviously let you, retain their power and not patronise them.





S/m is ritualized violence in the context of sex and mostly enacted in a domination/submission role-play.

I would consider 'light' s/m behavior where pain/violence is used to tease or it is indicated rather than enforced.

Where there isn't the slightest possibility of drawing blood. Slaps, punches, bites, even kicks (bare feet), pulling hair, limbs, nipples, etc.

I would consider 'heavy' s/m behaviour which involves a lot of real pain. There's an element of risk/danger. Such as heavy beating, burning, fist fucking

(vaginal and anal), pulling hoops through your body and hanging on them, etc.

Personally I haven't had any s/m experience, however in my last relationship (a sexually very short lived one), I had the desire to go beyond whatever I've done before.

So I spent a lot of thought on the why's and how's. I think I'm attracted to violence in a sexual context as the expression of total giving, devotion, sincerity and intimacy. That's why I can't imagine myself having s/m sex with any partner. I would have to be totally in love before I could feel the desire for that kind of intimacy - and I think it would only happen to me once or twice in my life. There's no way I'd choose a lover because of them being into s/m - I would never want this being the focal point of a relationship. I also find the idea of submission/domination alien to my own sexual practices.

My ultimate sexual fantasy is to die in my lovers arms i.e.: to 'go all the way' and I'm not afraid of the steps in between, still I also believe that I can die of sheer joy without any external violence.



S/m is getting pleasure out of a sex game where you control or are controlled. Testing limits of pleasure/pain.

Heavy: Where serious physical injury is caused.

Light: Dressing up, playing exciting games, 'passwords', not serious injury, trust, pushing pleasure /pain to the limit. Some dykes think that penetration = s/m. We like fisting so what does that make us? It's sad that s/m games have been lumped together with racism/fascism. Most women who play the games are in control and exploring their sexuality. Fascism/racism is oppressive. For a long time this false alliance put me off exploring areas of sexual pleasure I now enjoy.



The s/m I've done so far hasn't really been talked through with my lovers. I haven't felt that much power over what's happening. I feel angry when someone's been into s/m, but they haven't really talked to me and then they say something like 'shut up bitch'. I've felt 'look let's draw some boundaries before you talk to me like that'. I just get really angry. My attraction to s/m isn't so much the physical side of it but the mental. I'm not really turned on by the whips and chains though I'm open to persuasion. My perfect s & m fantasy is where you wouldn't be able to see my face, I'd be hiding my face and I'd just be fucked from behind by an arrogant, insecure and BIG WOMAN. She wouldn't even care for my feelings. But she would need me nevertheless. I'm really turned off by people who think they are invincible and I can't read them or get to them. I get off on having a certain amount of control over her ego. If I know that they're not totally secure, if I know they're not invincible, then in a way I have power. I don't want someone who just thinks they're totally great. I want to feel like I'm there to make them feel good. And that's where my power lies to bring her out. And I'm the best thing she's ever had. My sexuality, my fantasies have a lot to do with how I now see myself as a child and the relationship I had with my sister and in a way I would like to give those feelings a rebirth. But have some control over them.



photo dixie thomas



S/m is...

Experiencing sexual pleasure from pain/humiliation/power games. Heavy s/m; heavy beatings, leaving lasting marks, cuts scars, bloodsports, heavy fisting, complicated bondage, elaborate psychological scenes, scarification, piercing. Light s/m; 'soft' bondage, dildoes playing, soft whipping/spanking, 'playful' power games, watersports, biting, scratching. S/m/sophisticated, ritualistic sex/erotic behaviour involving pain and/or domination.





I've never had casual s/m sex - so all my experiences are with the long term relationships - all women. I would explore 'rough' sex practices - fisting (anal, vaginal) - push limits - ask her to take more - harder, faster etc. 'Play out' little scenes, 'changing' gender or sexual orientation - be animals, use our fetishes - leather clothing items, anal sex with dildoes, bondage, restraints - take control of ability to breathe - punishment, degradation rituals. All the above, I regard as mechanics of s/m sex. However, when spiritually and emotionally connected as well, that's my idea of s/m heaven, bliss, nirvana!!! A completely different head space (drug and alcohol free). Trusting someone - giving it up, being trusted, being 'showed' - I think I 'top' with a sense of allowance, but aim to please whichever way I can. I like to switch roles - but only when the bitch's earned it. I think it depends on intent and reasons why, they're being done while makes above either light/heavy s/m. Personally - if it's not my cup of tea I may be too quick to judge something as heavy s/m!



Head fuck sex is maybe making them cry, being made to cry. Being forced to face up to things that you don't like to admit to yourself. Also picking up stuff - I'm a counsellor so people tend to tell me their feelings a lot - and a definite head fuck sex would be to then pick up stuff that someone's told you and use it against them almost, to provoke a feeling that you know is there. So say someone says 'it makes me really angry if someone treats me like a child' then I might use that deliberately to make them angry. I've done mind-fuck s/m badly, in the sense that I've brought up loads of fucked up feelings that someone didn't want to have brought up. And I usually get a passing for it at the time. They tell me 'you're doing this all wrong, and I'm not enjoying it, and you're crap at it' Yes, there is a down side.

I am a young 47 year old disabled (arthritis) s/m dyke. It took me some time (came out a 19 - admitted I was into s/m at 37) to admit to myself let alone anyone else exactly what my sexual preferences were. Even more difficult to admit was that although I look dead butch, I am actually a definite bottom. I have been in 2 relationships where s/m figured as part of the sexual side of things though never as much as I wanted. I began with mild experiments in bondage and worked my way up - or down. I don't really know my own personal limits as no one has ever taken me there. I really wish we had some sort of group or



way of getting organized or a newsletter or something. For various assorted reasons. Let's face it - s/m preferences are not something you can talk to most dykes about - not even friends. Maybe in London it's easier but out here in the sticks I feel like there's just no one to talk to at all. I have even thought about moving back down South partly because I feel so isolated with regard to my preferences. I'm quite heavily into ritual and would love a chance to discuss that or exchange letters etc, but how? A question that bothers me personally - does age enter the s/m picture? Do you have to be young and gorgeous - or just young - to be on the s/m scene? Also I find I really have to trust someone to mention the whole idea. From my point of view (as a bottom) s/m has a lot to do with possession, at least for the duration of what's going on at the time. Its placing my entire being in someone else's control - allowing them to control my pleasure and pain - to make me do and react in any way they want. I would, however, agree that ultimately the bottom is the one in control as if there is no submission, there is no scene. Anyway, I usually wind up making all the suggestions. Oh, to meet someone with an imagination! I think its a very complex area - I know the right on-ies equate the whole thing to 'male orientated violence' but - I personally have never had sex with a man and cannot make any connection between the two.

TURN ONS

- 1) Being put or being forced to put myself into heavy bondage - miles of chains, belts etc.
- 2) Not being allowed to come (which I do easily and lots) until I'm begging. Or being made to come over and over till I'm begging to stop.
- 3) Getting instructions via phone or note to be 'dressed' ready for when someone gets home.
- 4) Being made to take whatever the top wants - never managed fisting yet - I wish!
- 5) Scenes that last over a few days or longer.



photos d'ye thomas

Since discovering my 'top' side, for want of a better word, I've got much more assertive, almost aggressive, and that's carried out into my everyday life. It's become part of my personality and I'm very pleased about it. For me it was s/m that started that ball rolling. It gave me another dimension other than being the pretty, giggly little girl. I don't know what I call s/m anymore. I think it was a useful handle at one point but now I don't use it as a phrase. I don't even think in terms of 'top' and 'bottom' anymore. I've found myself in power exchanges that afterwards I suppose if you were categorising it, you'd call it that. But I don't use it as a handle anymore. For me it's no longer useful to identify who's the that and who's the other. It was very useful at one point but I don't think about it from that point of view anymore. If I'm planning a sexual activity, I just think about the scene as it stands and what I want out of it. I don't particularly make conscious what the s/m issues are in it. The concepts get rid of of the spontaneity and the acting on impulsive feelings. I prefer the fight all the way through so that nobody actually wins it. So between me and my

Play pen

An object of desire

"Fetish, n. an object believed to procure for its owner the services of a spirit lodged within it: something regarded with irrational reverence. - ns. fetishism the worship of a fetish: a belief in charms: pathological attachment of sexual interest to an inanimate object." Chambers Concise Dictionary

I wanted something I could put my heart and soul, not to mention considerable strength, into and not be scared of injuring her. From the beatee's point of view she - and I - wanted weight rather than stings and from a wielding point of view I wanted to see that glorious red glow on the back rather than welts - which sometimes excite but mostly scare me, even if my lover is eagerly into receiving them. Really I wanted a whip that had a deep serve swing like Gabriella's rather than a smashing return like in squash. Then I bumped into Sarah Jones who showed me what she'd been learning to make in San Francisco. I was immediately overcome. The whip I got from her is soooo beautiful. The black and moroon handle with diamonds woven from suede sits heavy in the hand and is wide enough to clench my fingers around comfortably. Two Celtic style knots secure at one end the plaited wrist string and at the other the thong. Twenty strips of leather on one side and suede on the other, about half an inch wide and two feet long. And what does it feel like? Well, I can only tell you what it's like to me:

- If this whip was music, it would be: A feverish violin riff fading into a cello solo. A Patti Smith crescendo followed by a Patsy Cline ballad. Diamanda Galas in a duet with Miles Davis.
- If this whip was a taste it would be: A flaming hot curry with a spicy smooth after flavour.
- If this whip was a colour it would be: Indigo paling to mediterranean blue.
- If this whip was a landscape it would be: A willow tree being thrown around by a lightening thunder storm.
- If this whip was a smell it would be: African soil in an Amsterdam cafe.

Maybe this is over the top and I sound completely fetishistic. But am I? The definition of a fetish from the dictionary, although rather horny and lyrical - dictionary compilers have sex too I suppose - doesn't apply to my relationship to toys tho I know it does for some people. For me the whip doesn't have it's own spirit, it's a medium for desire and only has the spirit of a lover and a fetish in it. It's not the whip I'm charmed by or revering but the woman it's engaging me with. For me, the sensation it produces is relative to: feelings of safety and security; as well as, sometimes but not always love and sometimes but not always aggression - I personally get off most from the exhilaration of these emotions combined. Love and/or aggression in turn feed into and from arousal which is connected to pain thresholds. (Something acupuncturists should be asked about more than sm theorists/politicians) Certainly this inanimate object will conjure up arousal because of it's association with sexy anticipation and memories. Is that fetishistic? But my whip doesn't create sexual power. It manifests, facilitates, communicates and intensifies it. Whips are available from Sh! or Lashes Tel. 071 700 1083 flinty



girlfriend we're not sure who's who and the fight is constant and the battle and who's in charge is constant - and nobody wins it. For me that's the excitement of it now. I've changed really in that respect. At one time I wanted to be a 'top' and I couldn't handle being a 'bottom' because it scared the shit out of me too much. Now I don't think about it from that point of view because I'm not so shit scared of it anymore.

I don't think we can assume that all that shit about being a bottom is over. There's this thing about stroppy dykes which is what the lesbian community seems to be developing into - powerful women who know their own minds and are able to speak their own minds. They still might, I think they do, spit on bottoms. People assume things about me from when I was strutting my stuff attempting to develop my strong side and now people almost don't believe that I'm bottoming out - I'm also stroppy about that. I lie down and I take it and I love it. So what! It doesn't mean I'm a little girl anymore.



Piss elegant that's you.

So you won't let go?

We'll see about that.

There's nothing you can do

Your hands are tied,

Your ladyship.

What could you do with my

Fist twisting inside you?

Crack round your face

Fucking whore

You love it.

And I don't know if I care if you don't

What could you do with your

Skirt above your head

Knickers round your ankles

Arse splayed bent over a

Toilet bowl

Fist up your cunt

Finger up your arse

Teeth round your nipples

Belt on your Backside

Spit on your face

Piss down your legs?

Piss elegant that's you.

xenomorphosis

The work I'm absorbed with today includes a much greater potential audience; an audience that is not afraid to transgress the boundaries of gender identity and desire. These photographs seek to visually deconstruct our notions of Woman, of Lesbian and of Perversion in order to create a space for the exploration and celebration of diversity and desire. I call this xenomorphosis. Xenomorphosis means to embrace that which is Other within yourself. Xenomorphosis is a gestation period in queer culture.

Della Grace





Quim

xenomorphosis

by della grace





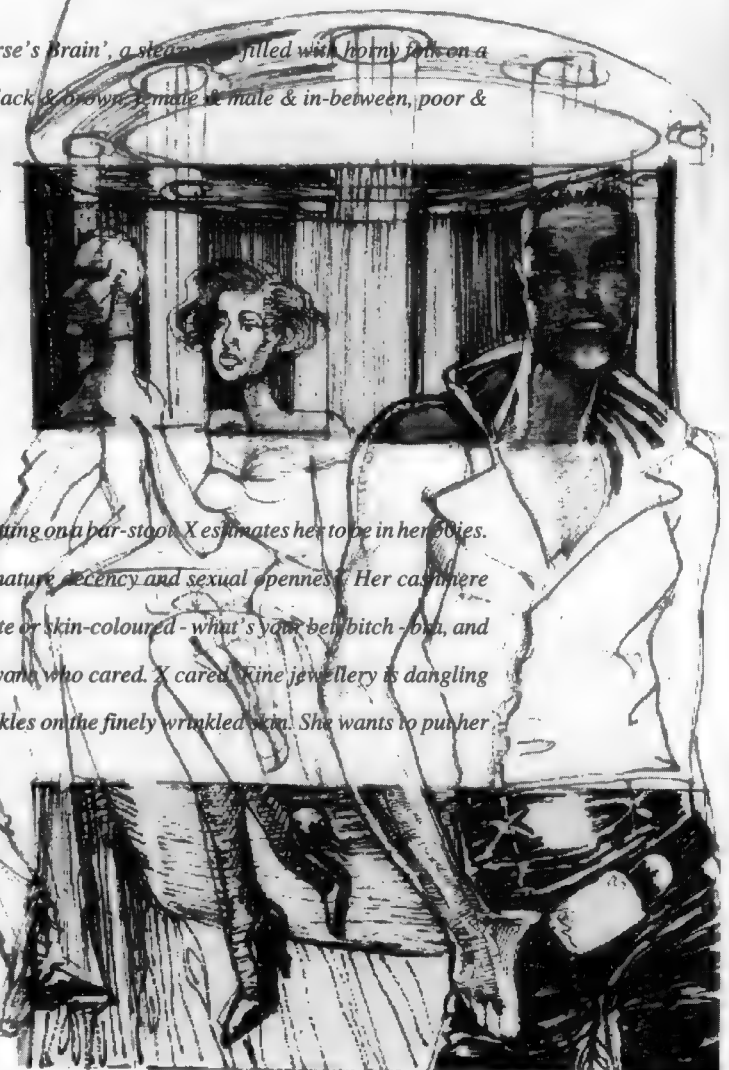
XAVER - TALES of a DANDY

by ANGELA HANS SCHEIRL

NIGHT ONE

'Impoverished aristocracy' is X's style. Quite elegant still. Suits and ties and cufflinks. She has a slim arse and carries a stick. She likes sex.

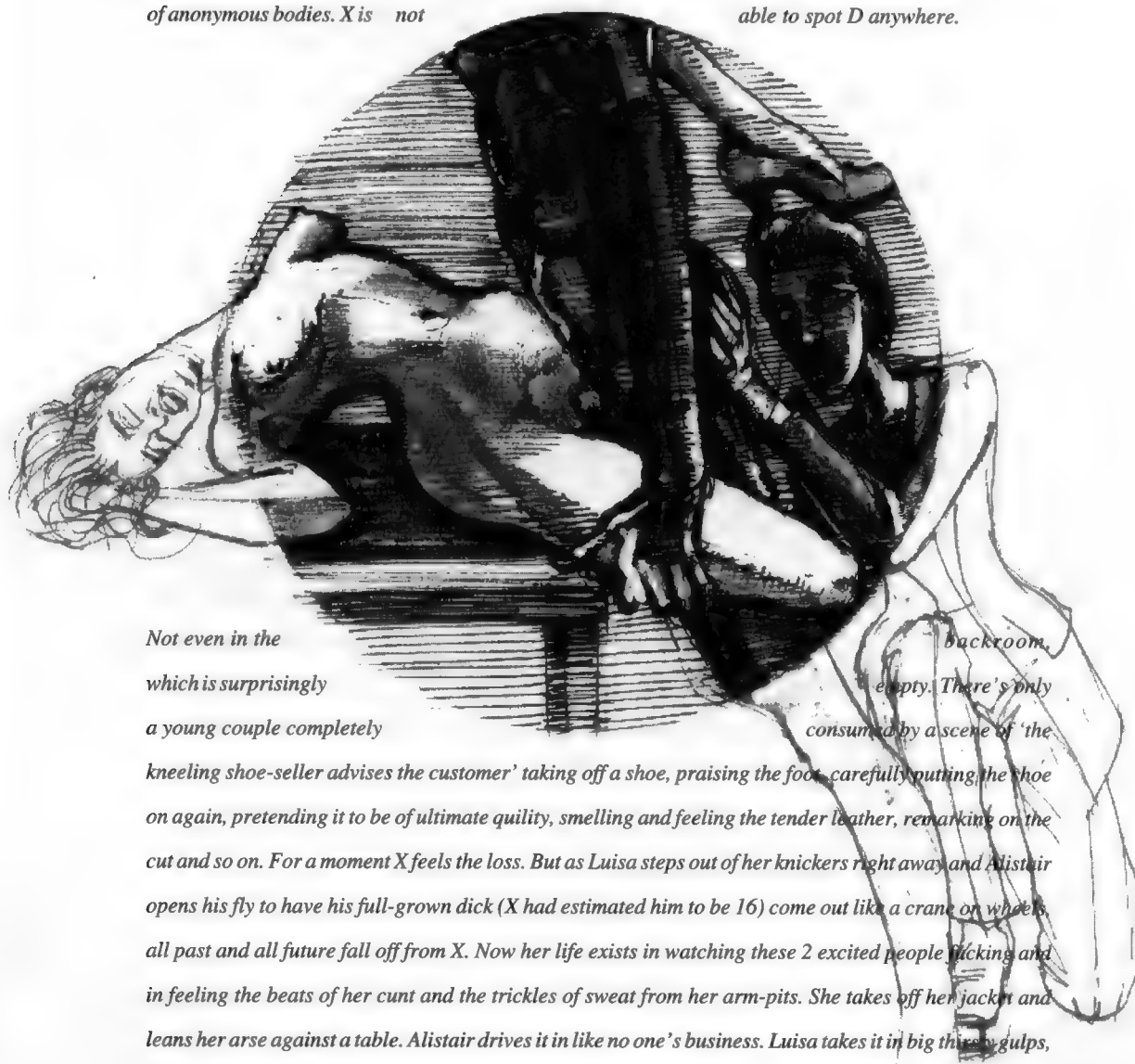
It's a sultry night. X walks towards 'The Horse's Brain', a steamy place filled with horny folk on a saturday. All kinds of people old & young, black & brown, female & male & in-between, poor & loaded. Tonight a group of models is standing in the middle of the crowd, their heads sticking out of it. They laugh and make jokes about in which man or woman's shrubbery they would choose to build themselves a nest. They pick out the one or the other to allow him or her to touch them here or there. They slap the ones who do it without asking. X has a good slow look around. There's an interesting woman sitting on a bar-stool. X estimates her to be in her 50ies. Very lady-like. The well-known mixture of mature decency and sexual openness. Her cashmere cardigan is tight enough to hint at a firm white or skin-coloured - what's your belt bitch - bra, and leaves part of her breasts to be seen by everyone who cared. X cared. Fine jewellery is dangling about the cleavage. X imagines to spot freckles on the finely wrinkled skin. She wants to push her face there, shove her nose down down down. The woman is talking to a black boy. X goes to the bar and returns with 3 glasses on a tray: dark-green cocktails with something dumped into them (figs?). 10 elegant steps away from her 'still life of desire' she gets tripped and has to gather all her concentration to do the right air-paddling in order not to fall and at the same time to catch the tray that had jumped off her fingertips. With a face red & hot, X turns around. Leaning against a column, her opposite number chews herself off on a supposedly giant chunk of gum and chuckles with true affection. X's legs, that had just regained some surface grip, start to shake now: Here she is - **THE DYKE (D)**. Soft round face. Grinning mouth. Blond hair sticking out of her skull like weeds. Strong neck and - gulp! - a bulky body encased in a leather harness from neck to toe. Being thus carefully and with open interest observed, D raises her right hand to her left cheek and rubs the patch of naked skin the bike-glove does not cover. Small blue eyes of a shy animal in a big body.



"What's up?" D's grainy voice grabs X's cunt, while the words wake her up. X readjusts her cheeky recruit's posture. X: "Give them dirty cowboy boots back to big brother. I see, baby can't control her tiny feet kicking about, whenever she sees something she likes", adorning the objects of discussion with a couple of biting smacks by her white snob-stick. Then she turns away. D's smokey laughter gets mingled with all the other rather animated voices.

X assumes the 'thing' between her and D to be 'on': none of them would leave without giving notice, without giving 'it' a chance to continue...X enjoys breaks, those additions in brackets. To build a tension drawing the bow by degrees, not releasing the arrow before... Ah! No image ever manages to describe the complex **RITUAL OF EROS!**

While we drifted away contemplating things, our dandy found out that the lady's name is Luisa and the boy's Alistair, that they both are ready to drop their clothes and wouldn't mind X to escort them to the game-room. At this point the pub is packed. The 3 of them happily squeeze themselves through this cake of anonymous bodies. X is not able to spot D anywhere.



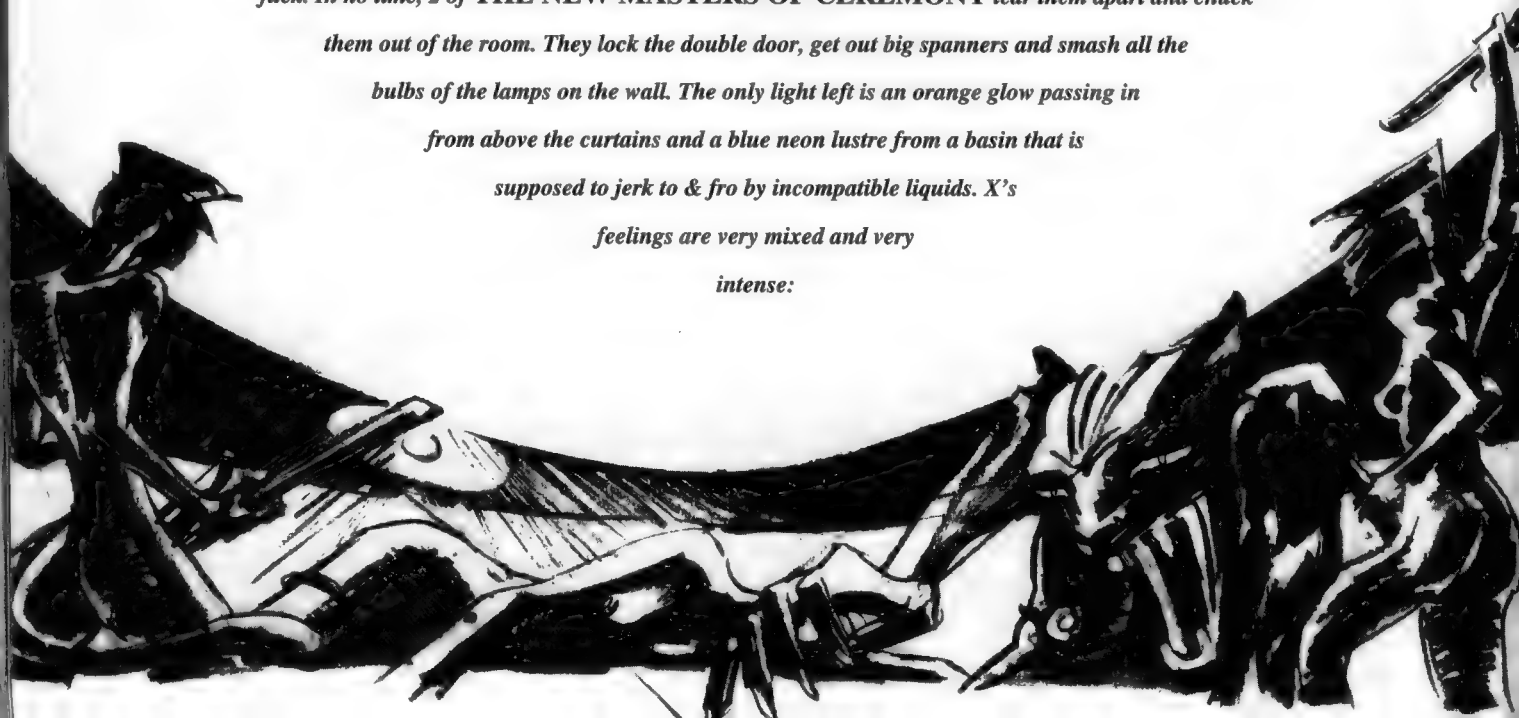
Not even in the backroom, which is surprisingly empty. There's only a young couple completely consumed by a scene of 'the kneeling shoe-seller advises the customer' taking off a shoe, praising the foot, carefully putting the shoe on again, pretending it to be of ultimate quility, smelling and feeling the tender leather, remarking on the cut and so on. For a moment X feels the loss. But as Luisa steps out of her knickers right away and Alistair opens his fly to have his full-grown dick (X had estimated him to be 16) come out like a crane on wheels, all past and all future fall off from X. Now her life exists in watching these 2 excited people fucking and in feeling the beats of her cunt and the trickles of sweat from her arm-pits. She takes off her jacket and leans her arse against a table. Alistair drives it in like no one's business. Luisa takes it in big thirsty gulps, her feet on his shoulders, her arms resting on the table, everything else a heavy stop & go swing. X approaches them to put her hand on Alistair's arse. It turns her on to feel **MUSCLES AT WORK.** Luisa stretches her neck towards X: "Kiss me, handsome young man". X shakes her head slightly,

grimacing a 'no way' with a smirk. Luisa begs now: "Please, **SIR**. Please." X smiles contently and releases the eager slug, that digs into the warm pit. The small bulge of arse in her hand is revving it up now and Alistair breaks out of the formation to come into the drooping rubber. Both women watch the boy climax. He groans, his head thrown backwards. Then he looks at them, takes off the little bag of goodies and is gone. Luisa, the

mature, rich, married (who knows) woman is a sight for gods & goddesses: everything in & on her is undone and dissolved. Everything in & around her is **SEXX**. There is no need to hurry anything. X goes back to the chair where she has left the jacket, takes out a green rubber glove and slips it over her right hand. She looks at Luisa and Luisa looks at her. X returns to touch Luisa's blood-filled lips: the left hand the ones of her mouth, the right hand the ones of her cunt. Oh, what a swollen monkey-arse cunt: red & violet & **BIG**. Yeah! And she s-l-o-w-l-y f-f-u-c-k-s her. For ages, it seems. Different voyeurs come, **COME** & go. Some people seem to have chosen to fuck under the table, as he or she, who is being fucked clings his or her boots around X's ankles. Luisa is getting ready for the hardcore bit and leans back to relax to take in X's fist. 2 leather-boys arrive to have a sip out of a secret liquor-bottle. One of them bows down to have Luisa drink out of his mouth. He blushes, as he is surprised by his own spontaneity and he is touched as this stranger just sucks the liquid out of him without opening her eyes. His boyfriend smiles. He is not so shy and takes Luisa's arms to hold them together above her head in a firm grip. With ease he continues smoking his cigarette. X is in heaven. She thrusts her fist in and out. She could go on forever. But the maw's hunger is enormous; and the big beast of prey devours the smaller beast of prey. X's fist pumps like a steel piston now, faster and deeper and Luisa screams so loud that the mirrors and the walls of the room and everyone inside shudders and the leather-boy blushes again.



A concealed door jumps open and 4 applauding women in black leather uniforms - caps, long coats, boots and all the shit - step out and take position in the room. One of them wears a mask. The couple under the table quietly continue to fuck. In no time, 2 of **THE NEW MASTERS OF CEREMONY** tear them apart and chuck them out of the room. They lock the double door, get out big spanners and smash all the bulbs of the lamps on the wall. The only light left is an orange glow passing in from above the curtains and a blue neon lustre from a basin that is supposed to jerk to & fro by incompatible liquids. X's feelings are very mixed and very intense:





One *D is back, the thing is on. But D does not resemble the baby-bear-butcher from a few hours ago and not the sensual she X had imagined to have good wet easy sex for days on end with. X is shocked to see a stranger, that doesn't fit any of her phantasies, nor remind her of anyone good or bad, and she is terrified by the malignant seriousness, that was written in D's face when she walked in as part of the posse. The darkness makes it worse. X would need to reassess D again.*

Two *X is terribly attracted to the masked woman.*

Three *The adrenalin hovers in the air and feeds everyone by force. But the speed and determination of the terror commando's actions paralyze the victims. Above all, this seems to be preplanned. Horror creeps up X's nose. The menacing silence is nurtured by the crackle of stiff leather.*

Four *Part of X had managed to escape the body and flaps it's wings above X's head. It finds the sight of X hilariously funny: standing there with her green rubber glove sopping wet, her fist still clenched. X agrees for a second and thinks of the little puddle beside her feet with amusement.*



ACTION!

the masked womanhunk behind X whispers. The warriors of sex & death whet their blades and thrust them into bodies: they ram their sharp, long horns into stomachs, thighs, necks, they butt it in, they find a delicious rhythm and never ever stop until all existence is a bleeding mess and the trance-dancers cry and weep of joy and plunge their heads in the throbbing soup and emerge with a stupid look of bliss.

4 CRUEL BUGS WORK 4 CRAZED VICTIMS

A chain is thrown around X's neck, clicks, pulls her. A hand yanks her pants down and stuffs a round thing into her tight and responsive arse. The shock makes her want to piss right away. The chain's end is dropped to the ground and tugged backwards between X's legs. 'Down' her assailant whispers. And this make the chaos in X's head perfect: inside her head the universe unfolds with majestic stillness. A cruel hand pushing her neck down, a soft(!), low voice talking to her and a finger penetrating her anus, pre-oiled by the suppository: this is all she needs. Two hands seize her hip-bones, a cool dildo enters her. Leather-creases, hard as metal, bump into her naked arse. Slowly, slowly X comes back to life. 'Yeah' she groans, 'fuck me, fuck me, fuck me' on and on and on. She hates screaming like that though. She knows her throat will be sore for a few days. But everything else feels good. She slowly walks home through the blue morning. The sun is rising.

SHADOW



LANDS

photos by Tracy Mostouy



BETTER THE DEVIL YOU KNOW...

I'm laying in the tub, getting ready to go to work. Work is a lesbian sex magazine. Some would call it erotic, some would say it's pornographic, we call it adventurous. I've been in the tub for a while now. My mind, as usual, is filled with her. Since the breakup we don't talk real anymore. We talk at and around each other. To be honest, that's been going on since before the breakup, but I'm not getting into that. It's a funny thing though, since breaking up the sexual energy between us has been better than it's been since we first got together and lately it has hit a fever pitch. It's as if we're tuned into an automatic pilot that sends us crashing into each other.

She came into the house a few minutes ago and is out in the living room talking with my roommates. I figure she hasn't come in by now so I'm safe, she's going to leave me alone. One part of me is glad, another part of me is disappointed. Oh well, I reach for the soap to wash myself when the door opens. She stomps in and stands over the bathtub. Legs spread, arms crossed, she's the ultimate childhood bully out to cause trouble. Shit. I really do have to get to work.

"It's my turn to take a bath. Get out."

"I just have to wash myself and I'll be out."

"I'll do it for you."

Oh no.

"You know you're just going to tease me."

"No, I'd never do that."

Like hell she wouldn't. It happens all the time. We'll be in the video store, looking at videos when she'll suddenly be standing in front of me, looking up, sliding her hand down the front of my jeans, playing with me right there in the store, with people all around us walking away the moment someone turns our way. Or watching T.V. she'll absentmindedly reach between my legs during a commercial, getting me all worked up just to leave me hanging when the show's back on. Even in bed, over and over again she'll take me right to that second before I'm gonna lose it, every time expecting her to let me come. Because sometimes she does. Like in the car, driving down the busiest street, she'll have me touch myself and I do it, jerking myself off, knowing anyone looking our way will see. All I know is I never know. So when she's around my body is on alert. Ready anytime she might want me, any way she might want me.

As I lay here in the tub, listening to her, the sound of her voice makes my heart go from normal to pitter-patter to a slow pounding. I'm trying to keep from reacting but shit, who am I kidding? The pounding in my heart is already doing a slow meltdown straight to my cunt. She leans over, reaching into the water, keeping me glued to her with her eyes. She checks for reaction to every move she makes, her eyes never leaving my face, I'm giving in, of course. I have no choice in this, no will power. The woman owns me.

"Spread your legs."

I try not to but my body won't listen to my mind. There's a fog settling over my brain and I can't seem to form a coherent thought. So I open up to her and she treats me to her touch. She's spreading my lips wide open and stroking my clit with a heavy sliding rhythm. Our gaze is locked as we take measure of each other. I want to push up against her but I know I have to let her have it her way. She keeps that rhythm going, slow and pressured until I'm wet with all that slippery wet that is so much thicker and hotter than the water I'm in. She does a rare thing and slides a single finger inside me. Her hands are small and I wish I could clamp down on that finger and pull her whole hand inside me. But she pulls out as if she had never been there and it's all in my mind. I don't care, her fingers have come back, teasing me with a flickering motion, so fast I get scared my body is going to race ahead of my mind. She reads that fear on my face, a reaction she doesn't want to see, her smirking face laughs at my need. She stops.

My mind screams. But I've learned patience.

"Where's the soap?"

I point to the end of the tub. She looks around the side and in the sink and this pleases me cuz I know she's got that fog on her brain too.

"Where is it?"

I point again and she grabs the soap and zeros back in on me, all eyes. She soaps up her hands and reaches for me again. I'm feeling a little cocky about her momentary loss of concentration. I lift my hips slightly so that we don't lose all the soap to the water and she gives me that look that says who's-in-charge-here. Well, I'm sorry but it'll be better like this. She lets me get away with it. She's washing me now, hand on my cunt, round and round and then down towards my ass hole, lightly pressing, teasing and then back to my cunt slipping inside again only to leave me empty. My mind tries to grasp and stretch out each sensation but I'm hopelessly lost in the moment. Our eyes are locked, I try not to lose it, but sometimes I can't help it and my eyes roll back and close, a low moan escaping my throat. But the woman won't let me go.

"What is pornography?"

Oh, my god, she wants me to talk? She wants me to make conversation with her? What was she doing, having a debate about pornography with my roommates? Bitch, she hates what I do but damned if she doesn't use it on me, to torture me with. I can't believe this, and the whole time my mind is raging she's got her hand on my cunt and is working me real good and all I want to do is get off.

"What is pornography?"

I know I have to answer or I lose her, merciless cunt that she is.

"Umm, well...it's such a...oh...subjective thing. What's pornography to one, I mean, can be...umm...erotic to another."

She nods her head slowly. But I'm crazy if I think she's going to let me get away that easy.



"What is pornography?"

In my mind's eye I imagine how we look, my long-limbed naked body in the tub of water, legs slightly spread, hands clutched at my chest, flushed face giving away my excitement. Her leaning over me, fully dressed, breasts spilling from her low cut shirt, baby brows peeking out behind long black dreads, touching me. My mind snaps photographs of us, her hand on my cunt, my body tense, her eyes intent on mine, my face a state of controlled lust.

"It's sex or... anything sexually explicit in...hmm...any sort of medium, like film, video, photographs and...or...words."

I'm frustrated because I'm not as cohesive as I want to be, I want to show her the pictures in my mind. But she really doesn't care. All that matters is that I answer her question. And she brings my concentration back to that part of me that's pounding back that beat of her finger, reminding me who's in control here.

"It's really a subjective thing...really. I mean, there's not...any... difference between pornography and erotica..."

I'm babbling now.

"Okay, yeah, shhh..." She's nodding her head, soothing me, letting me go.

Thank you, I can relax now. Let myself go. I sink into the heat. The heat of the water, the heat of her hand, the heat that is spreading through my body, fast becoming a fire, ready to explode. I'm tensed up, body strained, feet and shoulders locked against the edges of the tub. Yes, baby, right there, it's all yours.

Her hand pulls away, the droplets of water splashed in my face.

Bitch.

"You fucking tease, I knew it."

"I'm not teasing."

She goes out the door, a smile on her face. Leaving me shaking in need and frustration. Is she just fucking with my head? I rush through the rest of my after bath rituals. I'll do my hair later, right now I have to see. I rush out to the hallway and find my bedroom door halfway open. I reach out to open it, but it's empty. Disappointed, I go back to the bathroom to fix my hair. My face in the mirror is flushed, I consider the idea of jerking myself off but decide that somehow it wouldn't be much fun. I'd rather walk around like this - swollen and wet, remembering the look in her eye and the tone of her voice. At just the thought of it I feel a soft shudder run through me. Then I feel a hand at the small of my back, pushing my cunt right up against the edge of the sink. The jerking movement forces my face right up against the mirror. I try to turn and look at her but she shoves harder.

"Don't look at me"

I drop my eyes in the mirror and try to figure out what's going to get me what I want. Do I struggle or do I give in?

Shit, the fact is I've got to get to work. And no matter what I do, she'll do as she pleases, anyway.

"Do you mind? I have to get to work." My voice is low, underlying sarcasm yet respectfully deferential.

"Not at all - go right ahead." She steps back - charming, gallant, giving...hal my ass.

I straighten up and carry on - a squeeze of mousse, feel her coming up behind me...running my fingers through my hair...soft breasts against my back...get a lipstick out...a hand brushes across my stomach and heads down...I sneak a peek at her in the mirror...

As always. I'm pinned by her eyes, she gives me a slight shake of her head, no longer charming, no longer gallant - she is simply, absolutely, uncompromising.

I feel her fingers opening me up, again that heat rush through my body, like a ball of fire falling from my head to my heart to my cunt, I've got my eyes on her's in the mirror...but no... she won't give me even that.

"Go on, fix your make up, ignore me."

And...so....I...do.....

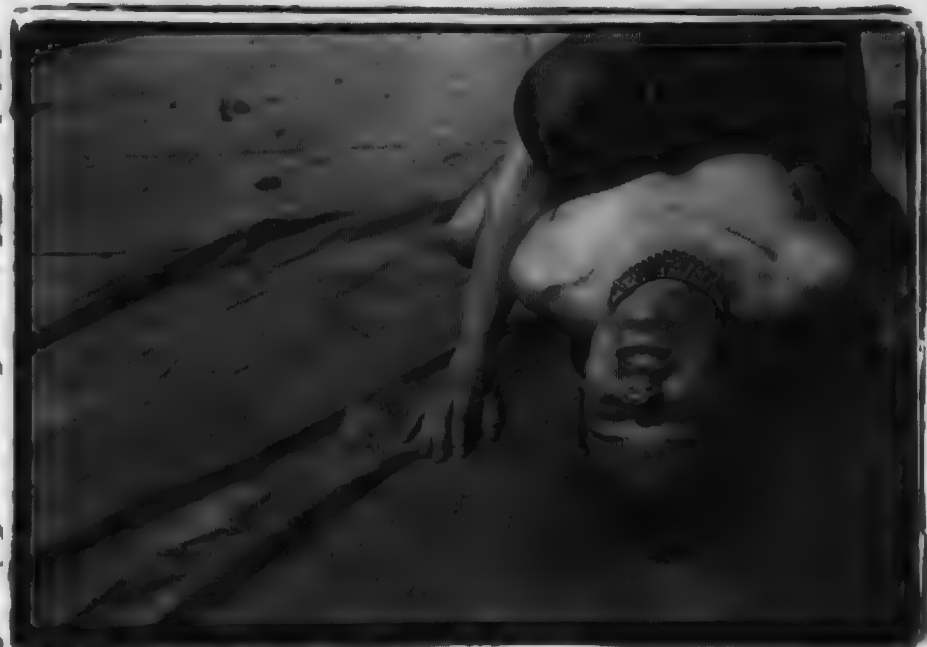
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LOW LIFE



photos by
F. RYDER LOPEZ

Self-Satisfied

Story and photos by Sue Appleton

I walk through my flat, signs of my love-making strewn all over, go into the bathroom squelch over the towels sopping up the water carelessly seeping over the cold white floor tiles.

I reach the toilet my hands glide down over my hips around to my buttocks and down the back of my thighs I lower myself slowly onto the cold seat, lean forwards and push slowly down, the piss gushes out of me, I feel satisfied, breathe deeply and wipe myself, notice the tips of my fingers tinted red with my blood, tasting sweet and earthy and smelling of sex and me.

I had come home this afternoon numbed out of my senses from too much kissing, from caresses almost to subtle to feel and too tantalising to ignore, from dancing on the knife-edge of my lust and from doing it again and again until it was impossible to go back.

Sweating and odorous from a sticky bike ride in the humid summer rain I slipped all but my knickers off



and laid dazed on the hall carpet. My body curved over the whole of the cramped hall, by breasts scented and heavy hung around me and the heaviness of my bulky, thighs, hips and belly sent shivers through my sleepy and lustful body.

Almost exhausted, I pulled myself up and went into the bedroom, laid face down on the quilt its softness rising against my languid body and filling each cranny left between my curves. Images of sex filtered through my consciousness mingling with my aroused drowsiness, a woman making love to herself and enormous bed, her hand between her legs, her head straining from one side to another. And flashing lights, swirling hips, breasts, wet thighs, stroking tongues, hardening nipples and hands grasping, pushing, teasing, fondling and pinching into a frenzy that has no borders or reasoning.

Drifting with the images my wetness grew, I became aware of the incessant movement of my hips pushing my cunt against the curves of the quilt. One hand pressed down between the narrowness of the bed and my stomach across to my hip bone and out of the tightness, around my waist and with trembling fingers

over a cheek it curved into the crack and held tight its handful. Loosening my grip I held the sagging cloth of my tousled knickers I pulled them half down, the remainder hard and tight, lost in the heat and sweat and ooze between my lips. My hand snaked around me and dipped into the now taut cloth spanning my mons. My cunt ached as I delved inside before leaving this desiring object to glide slowly and up to my clit, my breathing was paced and steady enjoying just barely holding control. I ripped my knickers down, the round swell of my arse exposed the vulnerability of it sending shivers down and through my cunt.

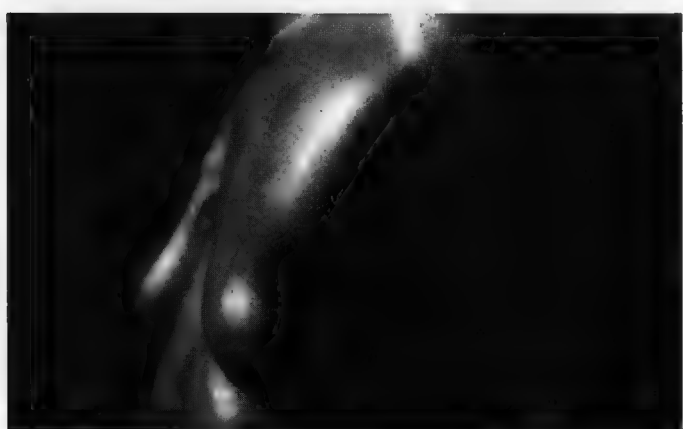
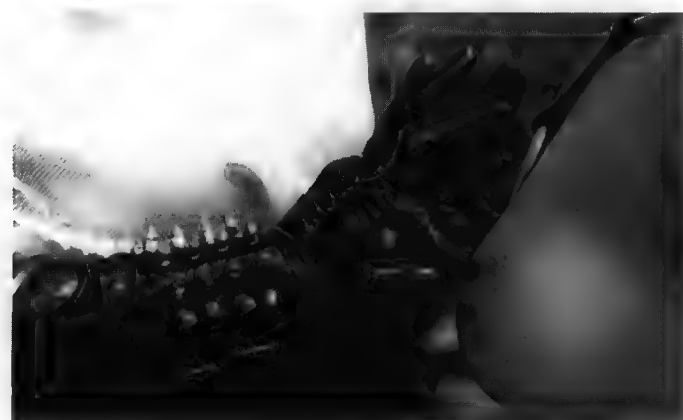
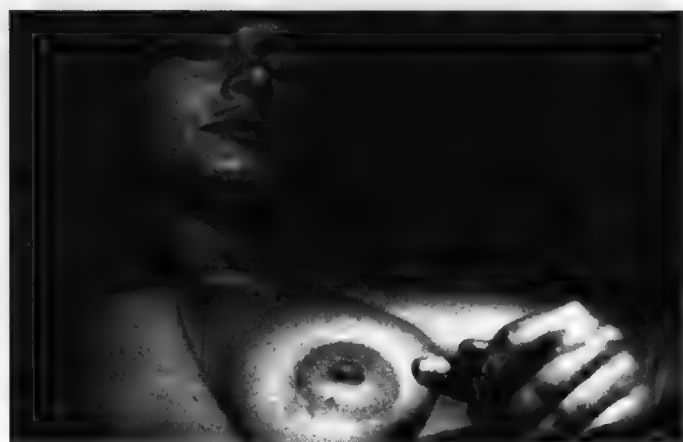
The images continued flickering hands, mouths; unsteady breath creating a numb throbbing, my hand heavy and determined pushing at my clit, my clit pushing against my whirling fingers demanding, wanting. I threw myself over onto my back, arching as I did so my breasts aching. I slid my free hand up to my breasts pushed over one mounting nipple and then the other taking handfuls of flesh whilst in fits my breathe came. The images surrounded me smudged my contours into the surroundings which had become a cascade of shimmering sensations, of hands and lips, of damp steam and of my hips thrashing from side to side. My lips began to swell transforming themselves into a fat waterlily succulent petals gorged and vying against each other for room in my over-filled cunt. I felt as if I was turning inside-out, pushing my legs together a thick petal squeezed out and my fingers in, they slipped down the silky sides. My other hand skimmed down my body over the curves and swellings over my straining cunt and skimmed around my hole, pushing again and again at the grasping, gulping entrance. All the time my lips continued their swelling, my fingers groping desperately no longer sure of where they should be in the fleshy wetness which ceaselessly craved for more and more.

Tugging at my clit my vulva arched and I rushed into my vagina, rubbed the inner walls and felt a gathering in me start from my tensing cheeks, my straining lips and clit. My nipples like greedy raspberries were once again in between my pinching fingers whose movements echoed the tensing and gathering which upon reaching explosion point gave way to a shuddering. I touch my clit filled the space around it, everything so swollen, pushing out space, but I wanted even less space wanted to be full, wanted the whole of this straining place to be occupied, filled out, taken away. I rolled over again wanting pressure unbearable pressure in my vagina, my finger slid over me and in doing so took possession of every part of me that they could grasp, pinch, press or slap. And my clit tensing all the while my fingers skimming around it. My breasts hung down rubbed against the bed and my fingers pushed into my gapping hole, the shaking began to build up until it too was replaced, this time a quivering took hold of my cunt, I forced out my breath to the point of virtual pain, I quivered and then sprung and began to shake violently down, gasping I could feel the two remaining fingers in my vagina. I felt the pushing and groaning in me and the ring around my fingers tightening as waves of energy swept from my cunt through my body ending in gulps in my mouth. I lay in the stillness my fingers exhausted within me, the air's nothingness wrapping around me and darting like fine tinsel flies. I submerged into the soft laziness of half-sleep.

When I emerged, my hand still between my lips I felt as if I had melted, running my hands slowly over my breasts and stomach the skin had the texture of thick cream and invited my touch, I slid my hands around my body's fullness and laid on my side. My breasts lay on top of another between my arms, my hands circling around around my hips, over my cunt, between my thighs and up again between my lips tugging the short curly hairs and creating quiet, piercingly intense sensations. Slowly and luxuriously I ran my fingers down my lips and around my cunt.

Sometime later I flooded the bathroom whilst enjoying quiet sensations and smudging away the borders between me and my surroundings.

QUIMQUOTES TITS



What kind of tits catch your eye?

I prefer very small tits, and I am sure that is because of the size of mine, opposites attract and all that. *Small pert breasts with cosy nipples.** **Big ones, small ones, round ones, dangly ones - who cares, as long as they're in a tight grey lycra vest. Watching the gentle sway of breasts I fancy while the owner of them is dancing and I can watch unnoticed.* **It's not the tits which catch my eyes but the whole body. On a purely physical level, I suppose, I'm more attracted to builds similar to my own (very little tits) but that's not what make me fall in love.* ***Anyone's but mine.** **When I'm in love my lovers tits are the most beautiful in the world. That's been different with each lover I've had, though they've all been bigger than mine.* **I've liked all my girlfriends tits and have said so in no uncertain terms, even tho' they've all been quite different. But if I had to choose my favourites..Small, firm, with very erect nipples. ***I just like tits.** **Unclothed ones. Nice firm high young breasts. Big but not too huge.* **Soft, shapely and defined.* ***All kinds as long if they're carried with style. That little bit of cleavage, that deep, dark line between them.** *I don't like them on constant display in a club because I like to imagine what they'd be like.* **Big round ones. I'm not all that keen on small ones, I like to be able to get my hands round them. I don't mind them droopy but it seems that women who've got droopy tits don't like it and are sensitive about it. I suppose everyone wants to get their hands on great big, firm tits with uptilting nipples and all that sort of thing but I don't think there's all that many of them around. I just think it's nice what you do with them.***

Do you care if your tits get attention?

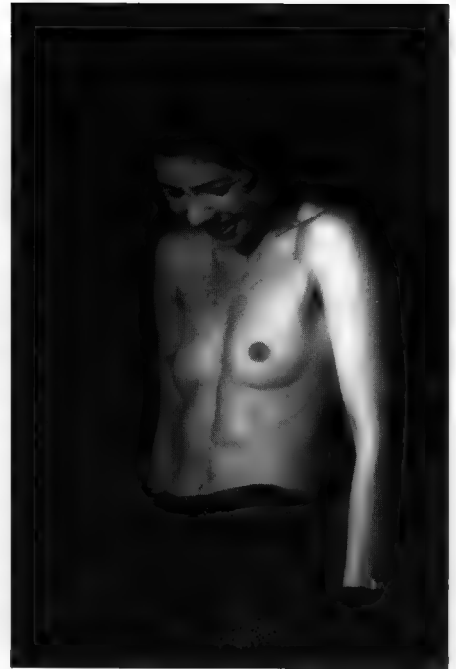
I don't go for too much breast attention from lovers - I don't get aroused just from that and prolonged fiddling about with my nipples even sometimes pisses me off. *Not as much as other parts of my anatomy (nudge, nudge, wink, wink).** **I'm really particular about the way my nipples are played with and if they aren't doing it right, they might just as well do nothing at all because it just gets tiresome.* **Yes, essential part of getting aroused. ***Depends on the attention. Any appreciation's appreciated.** **Yes I care a lot, I care a great deal because they give so much pleasure and it enhances all my feelings. Delicious, physical pleasure that travels down to my cunt - it's like a direct link to my clit. And sometimes in my cunt it feels like a stabbing pain like a skewer, but it's a really nice pain, a really nice ache. If my nipples don't get attention I put their hands on my tits and tell them to squeeze my nipples.* **It just makes me sad because I think people are being polite. ***Yes and if they don't get attention I grab my nipple ring and pull it myself.** **Not especially for the sensation but it makes me feel like they're not putting themselves into me if they aren't interested in my tits.****

What is your favourite thing to wear on your tits?

I like to wear tight, revealing tops that say 'look at me!' *I wear underwired bras from Marks & Spencers because they go up to a 40DD.** **I go through phases where I let them go all saggy. Right now I need support.* **Lipstick.* ***When I do get a bra I get very plain ones. I don't get lacey ones. Marks & Spencers definitely to the best bras. I wouldn't wear any others.** **Lycra tops.* **Nothing at all.* **Leather bra. Tit clamps.* **A nice clean cotton T-shirt.* **Traditionally I'm no fem, in or out of bed, but recently I bought a black lacy number and next time I see my girlfriend she's going to get a surprise...(but I couldn't bring myself to get the suspenders to match. Maybe next year.) ***I wear a bra just to stop them obviously flapping round my waist.** **Bras and pierced nipples - they look sexy and the rings are fun to have in your mouth.* **Mostly those sports bras but only because most bras are too expensive. I have got one that's a cheap imitation but it's really scratchy and someone else has got it at the moment. I would like to have one of my nipples pierced. I like things that show my cleavage and people are always commenting on my tits which I like because I'm vain about them.***

Describe your tits and how they make you feel?

***Like a woman! *Too small for my body shape. A worry for breast cancer. Nipples too sensitive.** **I like the way they're all mushy.* ***Compact, firm, big nipples.** I was made to feel very insecure as an adolescent about my tits (I had/have very little) and in fact, very often my womanhood was questioned because of them. I think as a result of this I was too insecure/ashamed to enjoy them. Only from my early to mid-twenties did I gradually grow confident about my small-tited womanhood. I started to really enjoy them sexually; I also realised that in many ways they were more practical than big ones (in terms of running, sleeping, exercise). Through talking to other women I also realised that a lot of women with larger breasts had their own complexes/problems/insecurities. However only through breastfeeding (in my late twenties) did I gain total confidence about my breasts - since they were functioning perfectly. I had no problems whatsoever. They were also slightly larger and probably for a short while I experienced the same feelings that most women experience most of the time. Since then I have no problem of brushing off any stupid remarks. I find breasts very sensuous and also breastfeeding. Unfortunately I didn't have a lover during my first pregnancy/lactation, but one of my very secret fantasies is to be pregnant at the same time as my girlfriend (maybe never to be fulfilled?). ***I like stand up tits and if I had lots of money I'd have mine done so that they'd stand up.** **I no longer keep my shirt on in bed but it still surprises me when lovers say they like my tits. I took years to like them - how come they come out with compliments in the first five minutes? I guess our inhibitions about size, shape, consistency, etc. only extend as far as our own ones... Compliments definately helped me to like my own tits, and liking my own tits helped me enjoy sex more.* ***Whistful and bitter** (cause they used to look better before I had a baby). They piss me off. ***I always think of them as a couple of extremely large melons. They have always been a pain in the arse, stopped me from doing sports at any age. But now that I am older they do have their uses. My girlfriend of three years still can't keep her hands off. One thing that really pisses me off is people, mainly men, staring and making stupid remarks. I can't do anything about the size of my tits, they have been over 40Inch since I was fourteen. Mind you, I wouldn't object to a few more women looking at them.** **I hate them. I have inverted nipples and when I was going through puberty the only way I could deal with my tits not being normal was by making myself believe I had cancer and I was going to die really young. When I was 'straight' I never let any man, ever see my tits or touch them. Only once I came out and had women lovers who forced me to let them see and touch them did I begin to feel okay with them. I also had a child at a very young age and have always had stretch marks. I'm generally considered good looking, but because of my tits I have a massive inferiority complex when it comes to my body.* ***Small, dropped, dark nipples. *Well, last time I looked I had 2 of them with targets in the middle. Oh yes, the left one is bigger than the right (or is it the other way round...).** **I take great pride in flaunting my breasts, which are more than ample and have a full rounded look. I show as much cleavage as is decently possible and the admiration that my breasts get make me feel good. This admiration tells me that I have the power to excite and enslave, it tells me that I am more womanly, more powerful than other women. Displaying my breasts gives me the power to get what I want, and I'm not only talking about things sexual.* ***My breasts are luscious and heavy. *They are a sad shadow of their former selves - because I've had a baby. They used to be large and melon like. *Too small but pretty.** ***Round and soft and squishy - I like them. *I wish they were a bit bigger.** ***Between periods they make me feel sexy and during my period they feel bloated and heavy and ugly cause my nipples go all podgy. Although sometimes if I'm not going out and don't have to feel good in my clothes I get into being a big round, voluptuous women lounging in my big soft bed - preferably with a lover but I can get into it on my own. Sometimes women who have seen pictures of when I was thinner give me a hard time - I've had someone say to me "oh well you'll be thin again one day" and I said to her that I felt good being round and squashy at the moment.** ***I feel very, very happy about my tits. They're a constant source of joy because I like the look of them - they haven't drooped and they've stayed firm, and my nipples get really hard. I only don't like them before my period when they get really tender and I can't have them touched.**





photos della grace

What is your favourite thing done to your tits?

*I like my nipples squeezed hard. Very hard, to the thin line between pain and pleasure. Sometimes. I like when they're wagged in my face and I'm hit with them. I like when my lover rubs her tits on my clitoris and when she tries to stick her nipple into my arsehole, mmmmm. ***I like her to tease them for hours, for hours.** **I am well into my tits - so I like a lot of playing. Maybe my favourite is when my lover attempts to take the whole lot into her mouth.* *I like it when I'm kneeling and letting them dangle and for her to lick my nipples. I could have an orgasm just from that. ***For someone to tease just the very tips of my nipples, barely touching and very quickly, so that I want to strain to feel it. Sometimes I think I could come if someone kept that up long enough. The other thing is for my nipples to be squeezed - with fingers, teeth or clamps - very hard and slow.** **Getting them clamped...slowly.* *Bound, sucked, bitten, clamped. *Anything that isn't too painful, preferable involving tongues. ***50 per cent of the time I'm not very sensitive and I could just as easily not bother. And the other 50 per cent of the time I like it rough - nibbling.** **Being woken up by a firm breast slapping across my face. Smothering my breasts with chocolate mousse and having my lover lick it all off. Having tiger balm rubbed onto my nipples (sometimes closely followed by ice). Having my hard nipples rubbed with an emery board makes them harder and my cunt hotter. My lover taunting me with a lighter flame near my nipples, close enough to feel the heat from the flame but not quite touching the skin.* *Squeezed, pinched, flicked, pulled, bitten—HARD. When the nipples are hard, having a piece of thread (pick a strong one) tied around the nipples and then being pulled. ***I love it when my sweetie sucks both my nipples at once and fucks me rockingly at the same time. I can suck my own nipples, and I like to see how much that turns on my lover.** **I love my lover to really rough with them. Biting my nipples until they stand out.* *A good old bite. ***Tremendous pain applied by twisting and biting - just tremendous pain really. They're very sensitive. It makes my knickers wet and makes me insatiably horny. Hot flushes and immobility of the hands and feet if it's done properly.** **They're not very sensitive until I'm really aroused and then only sometimes (I get jealous of my lover if her's are really sensitive). I like to have them gently turned and sucked but not hard. I get off more from watching her get into sucking them, her face enjoying my tits. I like to cradle her in my arms like a baby and have her suckle on me. I once put a dummy in her mouth too.* *I like everything. Sometimes I like to turn my back on my lover and feel her touching them from behind - I really get into that.

What do you like her to wear?

*Underwear of most descriptions, jewellery, occasionally lipstick, occasionally food, definitely cum. ***Tight Fruit Of The Loom vests. Sex juices smeared all over them so I can suck it off. Semi opaque materials so you get a hint of what's to come. Large tits lose - bra free - inside bellowy fabrics like silk or muslin. A shroud of shiffon over hard nipples. A leather jacket partially covering naked breasts that are then completely exposed when she stretches her arms over her head.** **I don't care, just let me at 'em.* *I love my lover in nothing but a leather jacket. ***I like really low cut bras with their nipples virtually hanging out of them. I like really loose things so you can see them moving underneath, all hippy and free. I like the look of nipple rings but I'm not all that keen on having them in my mouth because they're usually cold and they get in the way of sucking their nipples.**

What's your bra size?

***36D*34/36A*45D*36C** **I have no idea what my bra size is because I haven't worn a boob-bag in years.* ***Medium*36 something large.** **Bra size? 36B. I used to be a 36 C before I had my baby who ate them.* ***36AA**, very small, virtually flat, nice nipples. ***36B I think.** **34B.* ***Haven't got a clue. I think you should investigate the phenomenon of why dykes haven't a clue how big their tits are...**

Tit-bits

*Tweezers make a good alternative to clamps. ***One amusing thing I can do with my breasts is put things under them. I can stick a big dictionary under them, and stand there with the dictionary suspended in midair. Some friends of mine had a 'breast-off' where they competed to see whose breasts could hold the biggest object: basketball, juice pitcher, etc.** **I wish more women would "show theirs" not only because I like to look at them but I love the idea of women using the power of beauty in an upfront manner, to get what they want out of life.*

What is your favourite thing to do to your lovers tits?

My lover can't bear hers touched unless I'm going to go all the way! I like to roll her nipple about till it's really ripe, then place my palm over it - it's like my palms got a direct line to my clit.**I go according to their rythm so I like to know how fast or slow to go. I like to take the time to read it from them.** **Scooping my lovers breasts out of her bra and dangling them over the top of it. I love seeing them pushed upwards and squeezed together.* **I like playing, fondling, just holding them while she's asleep, kissing sucking, biting, squeezing, etc. I found that many women aren't as much into their as I am into mine.****Nipple clamps, sucking, biting.** **Look at cleavage and sigh.* **Squeezing the nipple, getting a good grip on it between my thumb and finger and slowly building up the pressure or biting it in the same way. I love to watch their face change as the pain builds till they let out a little cry. Mmmm...I also love it when someone plays with their own nipples and won't let me touch them, what a tease.****I like to nibble my sweetie's chest for a long long time.** **To my lover I like to be gentle.** *I like to cup them in my hands. I just love the feeling of erect nipples on my palms, I can just roll them around on the palms of my hands for ages. I like it if they get off on it. I like to suck her nipples in a really nice sexy way and I like to twist them really hard and see what happens if I do that and I like to feel their tits on my cunt. I love to feel them dangling in my face when they're kneeling above me. They hang down and you can feel the weight of them in your hand.****Put my face between them and go thwack, thwack, bloubbbberbber. Play with them for hours. I like to play with them and watch the little flutters of pleasure. I don't mind if theirs aren't sensitive as long as they don't mind me carrying on.**Slap them, bite them, whip them, cover them in baby oil, fuck them with my cunt, drip wax on them.***Sucking a nipple between my tongue and the roof of my mouth and biting. And just sort of everything and general fondling. Coming up from behind her and sitting like spoons with my crack up against her arse, tits pressed into her back and my hands enveloping her tits and nuzzling her neck and whispering some endearment in her ear like 'you're really fuckin' homey'.****Going from soft nibbling round the nipple to rough biting and chewing. Twisting and turning and pulling and slapping. Sucking on her nipple while I'm fucking her. Slapping them between fuck strokes and looking at the surprise or shock on her face. Getten' them between my toes and pulling them and her giggling while I'm doing it. Grabbing handfuls of them and digging my fingers and nails into them. Dipping my fingers into her wet cunt and stroking it onto her tits and then licking it off her nipples. Pushing my head into her soft tits and feeling like they're absorbing my face. Hearing her sighs as she gets turned on and sharp breaths as she goes from being gently aroused to extreme pleasure. Watching her face get soft and dewy and then intense and contorted as I go from soft to hard with my mouth and fingers.****

QUIM QUOTES TITS

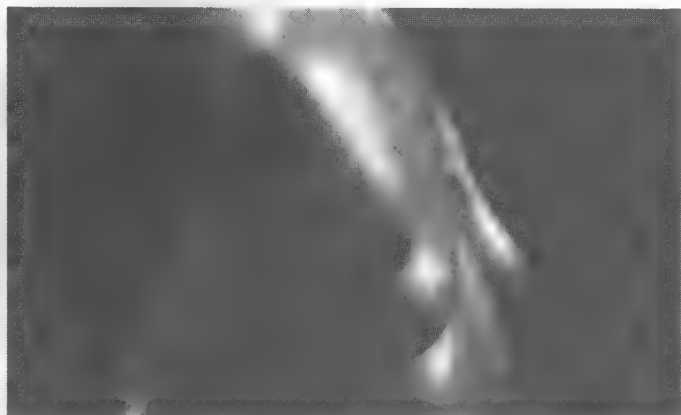


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photo della grace



DREAMING

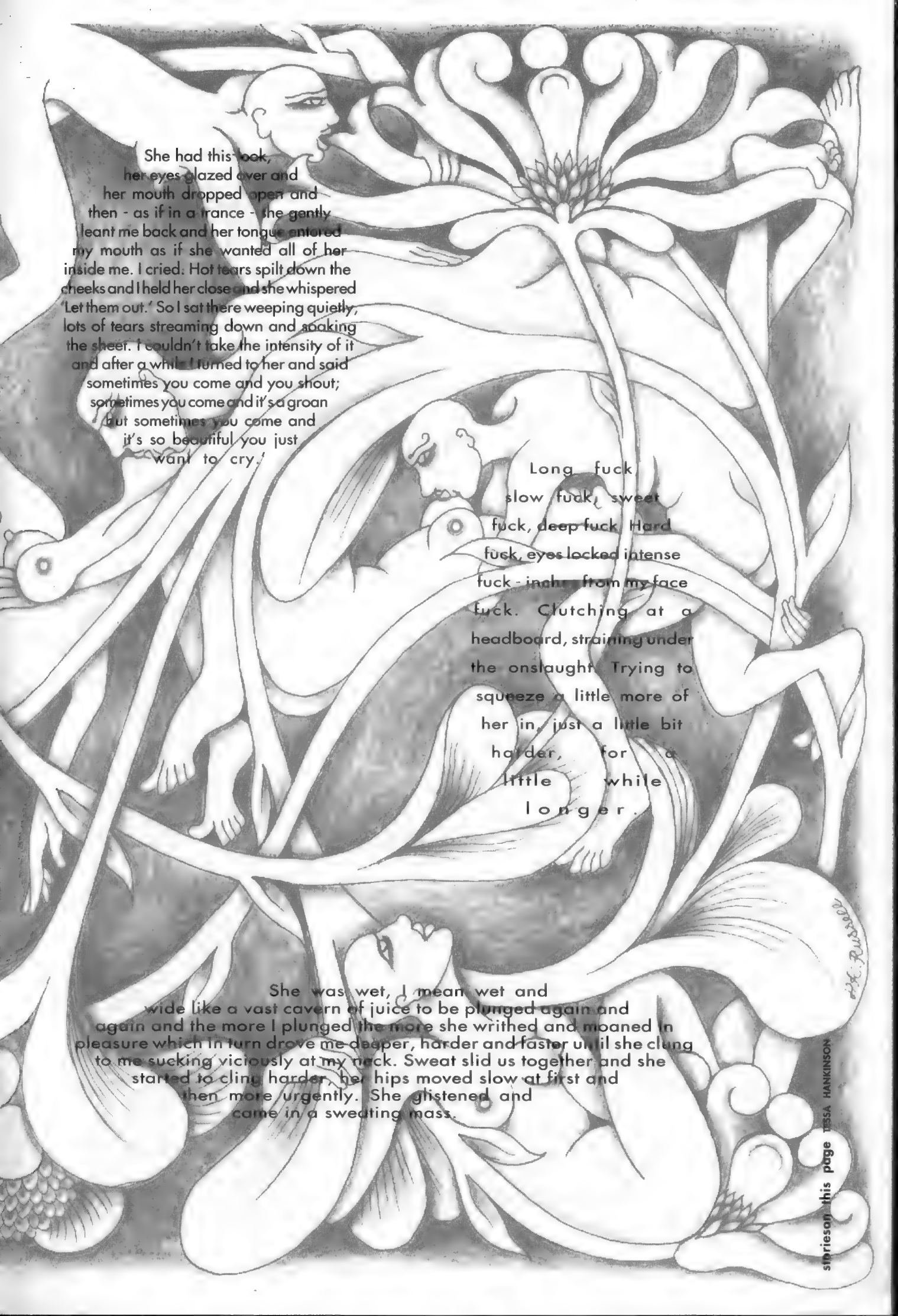
In fact, only this morning I was thinking about you. There I was, on the train and then I wasn't on the train any more - I was with you, and we were in a beautiful green park in the blazing sunshine, and we were laughing and playing about and we fell over in all this long green grass, and you looked so lovely lying there. There were daffodils and crocuses all over the place and we just lay there for a while, looking at each other. I thought to myself then how bright your eyes were and how your whole face lit up as you smiled, and I thought of just how much I loved you right there and then, and I gently stroked your face, soft and warm with the heat of the sun. I bent over you and kissed you lightly on the cheek and on your neck - soft gentle kisses for my soft gentle baby - and then we kissed for a long time feeling each other's mouths with our tongues and sharing each other, and we were closer than we'd ever been. I ran my hand across your breasts, feeling the soft mounds beneath your cotton t-shirt and you felt beautiful to me. Slowly, I lifted you and pulled your shirt over your head, then lay you back down in the grass. I gazed at you, lying there, golden in front of me, and began to caress you. Slow to begin with then harder - massaging your skin beneath my fingers, stroking you like I love to do. I bent to kiss your nipples, and grinned at you, as they hardened beneath my teasing tongue and you gasped, almost inaudibly as I found you briefly with my teeth. I felt you rise to meet me, your body wanting now, and I knew, if I felt you with my hand, that you'd be wet and hot. I felt myself grow damp to think of it. Our breath came quickly, heavy with anticipation and I kissed you hard on the mouth - could we reach deeper even than this? I touched my lips across your face, your neck, your beautiful skin - every inch, I wanted to take you, all of you - feel you - be part of you - god, how I wanted you now. I undid your belt and slid the zip down, deliberately slow, until it went no further. You wanted me and I felt your breath hot against my neck - expecting.....needing.....wanting more. And then.....I held you, wet and sticky, sliding between my fingers - your liquid loving running in my hand, and you gave yourself to me, took me, whole and true as I slid inside you. Constant rhythm - breath, sound and feeling - I loved you then, hard and long, building you up, taking you higher to leave you gasping at the edge until you could stand it no more. "Fuck me" you whispered, "Fuck me" - you were almost pleading, "harder". And I did, and you lost yourself to your sex, your emotion and then you were there. Your orgasm hit us both like a wave and I held you then, pulled you tight to me, held you like I never wanted to let you go. That minute lasted for eternity and right then I wouldn't have wanted to be anywhere other than there in your arms. I reached over and plucked a daffodil from behind your shoulder. I ran its soft petals across your cheek, "Sun yellow, look!" I said, "and soft as my baby's bottom".

You laughed and buried your head between my breasts, "Security" you said, and I sighed, content for now just to be with you.

"Twickenham, this is Twickenham" the voice grated my thoughts back to reality and I stepped off the train.

Ah well, it's nice to dream.

For WUF



She had this look,
her eyes glazed over and
her mouth dropped open and
then - as if in a trance - she gently
leaned me back and her tongue entered
my mouth as if she wanted all of her
inside me. I cried. Hot tears spilt down the
cheeks and I held her close and she whispered
'Let them out.' So I sat there weeping quietly,
lots of tears streaming down and soaking
the sheer. I couldn't take the intensity of it
and after a while I turned to her and said
sometimes you come and you shout;
sometimes you come and it's a groan
but sometimes you come and
it's so beautiful you just
want to cry.

Long fuck
slow fuck, sweet
fuck, deep fuck. Hard
fuck, eyes locked intense
fuck - inches from my face
fuck. Clutching at a
headboard, straining under
the onslaught. Trying to
squeeze a little more of
her in, just a little bit
harder, for a
little while
longer.

She was wet, I mean wet and
wide like a vast cavern of juice to be plunged again and
again and the more I plunged the more she writhed and moaned in
pleasure which in turn drove me deeper, harder and faster until she clung
to me sucking viciously at my neck. Sweat slid us together and she
started to cling harder, her hips moved slow at first and
then more urgently. She glistened and
came in a sweating mass.

h i p p y c h i c k

"I knew I was into big flowery hats from age three. That's probably the most consistent erotic thread in my life"

Quim How do you handle the assumption that because you're a sexually authoritative person you're going to be great to go to bed with. Do you get that?

Susie Bright Of course I want to be treated as an authority on lesbian erotica. I don't care if I'm fucking a kangaroo family, (laughing). I really appreciate people who know a little about my work and have some esteem for my position that way. But then when it comes to sexual attraction, I suppose I've learned to be really graceful about nipping it in the bud. I don't know whether sexually I compensated for that public persona by being more submissive or whether I'd be submissive anyway even if I wasn't a kind of top in my professional life. When it comes to my work I've always enjoyed being a teacher, an educator. Even when I was a little girl I used to pretend that's what I was, I'd have my dollies in a classroom and teach them a lesson for that day.

Quim What did you teach them?

Susie And today dollies tribidism, everybody lift their skirts. My parents were teachers so probably I was just modelling. Part of it was wanting to be like mommy.

Quim Did your attractions change when you became pregnant?

Susie Oh yeah. I wrote a lot about that and I have a chapter called 'Egg Sex' in the new book. The physical changes are tremendous first of all. I think about how frightening it must be to feel one's body's changing and feeling new sexual desires

and not be confident or adventurous enough to explore them. For me it was more like the mad scientist races for her laboratory. 'Let's do it, I can't wait to see what will happen'. One thing that happened to me is I got extraordinarily passive. I just started feeling like a big bowl of maple syrup. 'Yes, you can run your fingers through me if you like.' I couldn't have strapped one on if you'd pasted it to my belly. I just could not fuck anyone. Emotionally I felt almost psychic. I started identifying with that character Diana Troy on Star Trek. She's an empathic and I started feeling like that. I could identify with other people's emotions so strongly it was like I was completely living through them vicariously. If I'm trying to hold onto anything after pregnancy it's that. Finally I had a lot of new fantasies including one that was a classic case of how erotic fantasies often translate really big anxieties in our lives. One of my fears about pregnancy ever since I was a little girl was that because I was raised by women if I had a little boy I wouldn't know what to do. (This has nothing to do with being a separatist or being a lesbian.) Well, when I got pregnant I had this worry and at the same time I'd come to a place where I would be accepting and love him. In the meantime I had this fantasy of fucking my son. The first time I had it I came so hard I almost went through the roof. Of course this was really naughty to be having this incestuous fantasy. The fantasy remained really attractive to me. And then when I came home from the hospital, the first time I had a chance to be

alone and think about that fantasy, I could not conjure it up for anything. I've talked to people a lot about that. My long lasting fantasies frequently have to do with the sort of unbearable material we all have to live with. That stuff manifests itself erotically, whether it's adultery, or inter-racial relationships or butch/femme or forced sex fantasies. All of these are responding to aspects of our culture which are often totally maddening to live with but when played out sexually we make lemonade out of lemons. It becomes transformational material.

Quim What was your most recent sexual discovery.

Susie I'd like to be able to say my g-spot but maybe in another ten years.

Quim Back to the discovery question

Susie I presented a boyfriend of mine with a girlfriend of mine for his birthday and I watched them make love and he was finger fucking her and she was crying. She's one of these people who is so emotional when you're making love to her it almost makes me stop what I'm doing because I can't get over how expressive she is. I feel like a mouse in bed compared to her. And she was so beautiful and I just started crying because I loved her so much - I loved her so much. At that moment, I thought I was going to be titilated, that I would get the satisfaction of having orchestrated this whole thing. And I thought it would be interesting and I'd learn something. But I didn't think I would sit there bawling my eyes out and wanting to grow old together. (laughing). And I've never had that

experience fucking her myself. I've felt very close to her and very loving but there was something about watching him fucking her.....the only part of me that was close to them was my feet which were propped up on the bed and at one point one or both of them reached over and squeezed the arch of my foot. I don't know how much of a sexual revelation that is or an emotional one. Even though I'm not a new ager myself, when people talk about sexuality being close to spirituality, I find that very easy to believe. Or when people talk about sexuality being close to their creative spirit I also understand that completely. Because I think sexual passion unleashes these things that are almost supernatural in their power. I hadn't had any kind of group sex experience for a while before this little birthday party and I'd forgotten how much I liked it. It always feels incredibly wholesome and natural and I think I should join a tribe of people who do this.

Quim Whether it's chemical or emotional it's a very special thing. It's the closest I've felt to that kind of spiritual connection. I find myself going much more towards that aspect of sexuality, despite the non-sexual connections it has.

Susie I know you're supposed to be embarrassed about that. But the type of people who are that critical are the sort that would never do that to begin with because they'd be so inhibited about nudity and sharing sexual energy. The fuss people make about s/m when you couldn't get them into a vanilla group experience with a shoehorn. I've always had an affinity with it. Maybe I am just an old hippy but I always liked it.

Quim What's your experience of negotiating that come-down after you've experienced that sexual intensity?

Susie I often have a hard time stepping out into the real world again. If people start acting business like again and I must get on with my life I'm like 'oh god, don't burst my bubble.' Feeling vulnerable, feeling like I need a little quiet transition time. It's hard to walk out from that situation and go back to one's usual grind.

Quim Ok, that's nice.

Susie Is this all too sweet and lovely?

Quim Oh, I don't mind sweet and lovely. On a different note tho, what kind of sexual world do you imagine your daughter Areatha will live in when she grows up.

Susie Oh my god. Unfortunately, I have only considered the nightmare possibilities.

Quim Are you pessimistic?

Susie Yeah, no one would ever guess it.

Quim A utopian pessimist?

Susie I certainly am aware of the forces of sexual repression and what they will get away with if we let them. The labelling and censoring and burning and scapegoating and throwing people in jail. All of that already exists and it could all just get a lot worse. Being persecuted for my sexual and political



beliefs and having someone trying to take Areatha away from me and the problem of being a single mom - I almost go out of my tree thinking about it. Another thing I think about is friends of mine who have been pioneers in my field, the women who were doing orgasm groups in the early seventies as part of the feminist movement's early interest in sexual self determination before the anti-sex people took over. And those people have kids. The daughter of one of these women seems so responsible and open minded about sexuality. When she was a kid and her mom had orgies in the house, she'd be told to get her own vibrator and go and amuse herself. Things that most kids would never dream of and she's doing great about sex. Of course I want my daughter to be like her.

Quim Isn't there that process in adolescence of finding your own rite of passage which involves rebelling against parents no matter how liberal or understanding they may be.

Susie I've thought about this a lot when people have gone off the deep end about teenage sex. I had more sex as a teenager than I've had any time since. I did lots of things that I would be too cautious to do now. I was very fortunate because if I'd have been with someone crueller or more exploitive someone might have hurt me, physically or emotionally, but no one did.

So I'm really glad I did it. I was never the bad classic bad girl either. I never got so high that I didn't know what was going on. I was the kind of person where if I was going to an acid orgy I would let my father know where it was, (laughing). Areatha will do things that will scare me but I hope she has her own discipline and limits. If you start thinking about it too much you just want to wrap your child in an enormous blanket and never let them outside again.

Quim I wondered whether you had a label for yourself or whether it's even relevant to you.

Susie On the one hand lots of labels feel completely

comfortable to me. Unlike Sandra Bemhart and K.D Lang and a host of other people I feel perfectly happy to be called a dyke and a lesbian even if my sexual history print out doesn't list 100 per cent lesbian sex. I don't care. When I tell people I'm a femme it has a kind of vitality for me that most labels don't have. Some people can say they were into bondage from age three. Well I knew I was into big flowery hats from age three. That's probably the most consistent erotic thread in my life.

There's something about sexual vulnerability and insisting that it's respected in life and not subject to prejudice that's really important. And once that scenario is out of the way then labels mean nothing to me and I'm exasperated by them. They're not helpful to me in the sack and they're not helpful to me in making friends cause my friends are all types and at that point the label becomes useless.

Quim Ok there is a bit corny but you don't have to answer it.....How do you tell someone what you want between the sheets?

Susie Well there are different styles and methods for different personalities. One thing is that you absolutely do not go up to somebody with a list or turn it into a therapy session where you say 'let's talk about what I want in bed and I'll say it very articulately and here's a dictionary to look up words you don't know'. You won't get what you want in bed unless there's a sexual tension. If there's no feeling behind it then why bother. On the other hand you can't just sit there and say nothing.

My biggest problem and probably my biggest asset is that I do like to please people in bed and I'm very motivated to see their satisfaction. Let's say they want me to stand on top of them and strip for them. Even tho that's not my thing I'll try and be sexy as I can squirm all over them and straddle them and so on. Now one nice thing is they might get really excited and want to do anything to get me as turned on as I did for them. Sometimes I just say a few things and when it starts feeling good I start pulling them along. It depends on what you want to do, it depends how intricate it is.

Quim I suppose I just wanted to talk a bit about the significance of the passionate connection as the fuel for the sexual intensity. Cause what I wonder about is the people who have this aspirational sexual drive which seems to be more about what you wear and how extreme your sexual practices are than hot sex.

Susie I've had it with that. Oh this year it's cutting and last year it was hanging and next year it's going to be burning and the year after...I mean give me a break.

Quim Yeah, but I don't want to get into that thing of 'oh when I was a girl we had a sense of proportion and we knew what we were doing with our whips.' That's patronising

Susie I don't think it was true either.

Lots of falling about laughing

lesbian bashing • hysterectomy •
 AIDS • sexual assault • rape •
 bulimia • forced child-bearing
 • Operation "Rescue" • paedophiles •
 incest • anorexia • metritis •
 RU-486 • pre-menstrual syndrome
 • forced sterilization • ectomy
 • some viral • • •
 • sexual trauma • IU • pelvic
 inflammation • disease •
 section • prosthesis • urinary
 infection • • • • breast
 cancer • gynaecology • clitoris •
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WOMEN'S HEALTH ACTION IS POLITICAL

Hypocriti

ENDOMETRIOSIS

ANNA

"Because one of the most common symptoms is pain with ovulation and periods, doctors have always been quick to write off women as exaggerating pain and generally making a fuss over nothing."

Endometriosis is the second most common gynaecological condition. The latest research from the US estimates that as many as one in ten women have it. It occurs when the endometrium - the womb lining which we shed as a period - is found growing outside the womb. It's usually found in the pelvis, growing on ovaries, fallopian tubes, the outside of the womb, the bowels, bladder or cervix. Less commonly it has also been found in the kidneys, pancreas, lungs, arms. These patches of endometrium react to the hormonal changes which occur as part of our menstrual cycle. When oestrogen is released into the bloodstream, our womb lining thickens, so does the endometriosis. Later in the cycle the mixture of oestrogen and progesterone levels fall, making our body have a period, by shedding the womb lining. Similarly, the endometriosis will bleed. Patches of endometriosis will cause the surrounding area to become inflamed and painful. Scar tissue will then develop in this area. Each cycle will involve more endometriosis growth and bleeding. Endometriosis on the ovaries can develop 'chocolate cysts'. These are clumps of old blood, caused by either monthly bleeding or an increase in blood vessels around the damaged site. In some women these cysts can reach the size of oranges. The constant build up of scar tissue can lead to adhesions. Normally our pelvic organs can gently move. Adhesions work like a kind of 'human clingfilm' binding organs together, often making them immobilised, sometimes trapping smaller organs between larger ones. Unsurprisingly most women suffer pain as a result of endometriosis. This can vary from a nagging discomfort to immobilising pain, which makes movement

agonising.

Until a couple of years ago the medical profession was insistent that only white, middle class, middle-aged, heterosexual 'career women' developed endometriosis. (Seriously, this claim used to be printed in medical textbooks.) Because one of the most common symptoms is pain with ovulation and periods, doctors have always been quick to write off women as exaggerating pain, not being 'adjusted' to being a woman and generally making a fuss over nothing. (Well they would, wouldn't they?)

SYMPTOMS

Symptoms of endometriosis include pain in the abdomen and lower back. For some women this is during ovulation and periods, for others it is most of the time. The degree of pain can vary a lot, this depends on the sites of the endometriosis rather than how severe it is. It can cause a lot of difficulty in becoming pregnant; for a lot of women it is only diagnosed through infertility investigations. Other symptoms include: swollen abdomen, painful penetrative sex, heavy bleeding, discharge of stale brown blood (usually just after or before a period), depression, mood swings, exhaustion, constipation, painful defaecation, painful urination, dizziness, PMT - which sometimes feels as if it lasts all month.

Because there are so many symptoms, many of which are attributable to other things, because it's rare to experience all the symptoms at one time and because doctors are still quite vague about endometriosis (the medical profession does not know what makes some women develop it), getting a diagnosis can be tricky.

After a year of periods which became more and more painful, of having pain all through my cycle, of terrible pain in my back and of strange sweeping mood swings which left me tired and exhausted I dragged myself off to see my doctor.

TREATMENT

She was sympathetic, examined me, asked a lot of questions. After a few visits and a course of antibiotics my pain was still worsening and I was starting to look really ill. She said she was going to refer me to see a specialist. So far, so good, except by now I was in so much pain I was terrified as to what was wrong with me. I said I wanted to see a woman specialist, she said, this is the NHS, I would have to see whoever was on duty. I said I'd be prepared to wait, she said I couldn't do that. We ended up having a row about it and I left furious. My letter of referral to the hospital sat indoors, while I tried to kid myself I was feeling better, I was exaggerating how I felt, everyone has period pain, it was natural wasn't it.....But I was ill, I was losing time from work, rarely felt well enough to go out and had no energy.

I heard about the Elizabeth Garratt Anderson Hospital at Euston, still women only in those days.

Meanwhile my doctor phoned me at home (amazing for an inner London practice), asked my why I hadn't been to the hospital, said it was vital, and invited me in to see her to discuss it. Hesitantly I went. We had another row about whether or not it was unreasonable for me to want to see a woman consultant. I told her I wanted to go to the EGA and she agreed to write me a letter of referral. Lucky for me she put urgent on it and I quickly got an appointment. I saw a really sympathetic young consultant. She booked me in for a laparoscopy - an exploratory operation. They found I had a cyst on one of my ovaries (which they removed - the cyst, not the ovaries!) and widespread endometriosis.

Then I got really depressed. There isn't a cure for endometriosis. Symptoms can be temporarily relieved by pregnancy or hormone treatment, but they will nearly always come back. I was in my early twenties and felt like my life had ended. I was too ill to work, I was in so much pain I could hardly stand, never mind go out to see bands, go to clubs or meet people. I tried hormone tablets for a while but they made me feel worse....Lucky for me I had a lot of good friends around who kept me going...but it wasn't easy. And I was dogged by the thought that this was my life until my menopause, how could I do anything, never mind all the things I wanted to do. I discovered that creative visualisation (a form of meditation) helped me keep the depression at bay - for a while at least, but it didn't help the pain.

In desperation I decided to stop the hormone treatment and try homeopathy. I was really worried that it wasn't the right thing to do, but then I felt I had nothing to lose. My GP was very supportive, after all our rows and all my repeat prescriptions for pain killers, we'd developed quite a rapport! Homeopathy works! At first I didn't think so, but not knowing what else to do, I stuck with it. Now after three and a half years of homeopathy I am a changed person. Gradually I was able to work, have a social life and do all the things that most people take for granted. It isn't a quick way to get better, and I still have days when I feel like shit, but mostly I don't, and compared with the thought of twenty years of endometriosis it doesn't seem such a long time.

If anyone has the symptoms of endometriosis, don't panic, but don't ignore them either. If you just leave it, for most women it will get worse. To find out more information about endometriosis send a large SAE to the Endometriosis Society, Unit F8A, Shakespeare Business Centre, 245A Coldharbour Lane, London SW9. Tel. 071-737 0380

For some women hormone treatment can relieve the symptoms, but it can then create a spiral of side affects which need more medication to treat them. More and more women are finding success treating endometriosis with alternative therapies.

cal Oafs

M.E. or myalgic encphalomelitis (aka Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, Chronic Immune Dysfunction Syndrome and yuppie flu) is a devastating illness affecting young people, especially women, and seems to be commonest of all in lesbians. Nobody knows what causes it and there is no cure except rest and time.

Some think M.E. is caused by long-term infection with Epstein-Barr virus (glandular fever virus) or Candida (which normally causes thrush), but it is generally agreed that in M.E. there are problems with the immune system, muscles, brain and possible other parts of the body. 30% of ME sufferers are under 25 and more than half are women. Nobody knows why, but most diseases involving the immune system (eg. thyroid diseases) are commoner in women. The immune system is very responsive to stress and of course, in this society women are under more stress than men; women have to endure sexism and their 2nd class status to men every day, and lesbians have to deal with homophobia on top of that.

ME is often precipitated by a viral illness which is usually the 'last straw' in someone who is already overburdened with all kinds of stresses - work, other illness, exams and other pressures. When I went down with ME I was working as a junior hospital doctor. A flu infection on top of 6 months of overwork, sleep deprivation, eventually having to do the job of someone senior to me (who was off sick!) as well as my own for 2 weeks and finally a weekend on call (56 hours work with no sleep) was more than enough to break my back, never mind a camels! The central symptom is enormous, indescribable exhaustion brought on by tiny amounts of exercise, perhaps as small as sitting up in bed or getting dressed, which is not relieved by rest. Also muscle pain, twitching and weakness, recurrent infections (especially thrush and sore throats), digestive upsets (colic or diarrhoea), nausea, weight loss, night sweats, poor concentration, blurred vision, sleep disturbance, numbness, tingling, dizziness, headaches and

depression. The symptoms vary over time both in severity and in which I (you) may have.

The worst things about having ME are the demoralisation involved in such a long illness and especially the relapses just when you thought you were getting better, and the boredom when you can't get out of the house or even read. Another problem is people's misunderstanding and, in some cases, their refusal to believe you're ill at all. They can't understand why, when you look young and well, you can't get out of bed or are in a wheel chair. And lesbians and gay men can be as ableist as the average het. While my lover pushed me in my wheelchair at Pride last year I was alternately patronised, 'Here you are dear, have a free whistle from Outrage', ignored, 'Would you like me to push her for a while?' and treated as if I was stupid, 'Here, I'll put this leaflet in your bag for you.' However, I have to say I was impressed by the man from s/m Gays who came up and asked me, 'Are you two into s/m?' People also have this idea that either you can walk or you can't and I got quite a few dirty looks when spotted climbing into or out of my wheelchair.

Of course sex is affected too. There are times when my hand and arm muscles are screaming at me to stop, while she's groaning her way to an orgasm./ The orgasm usually wins but I'm left with a weak, painful arm for hours afterwards. As for s/m scenes, much as I enjoy being the butch, I'm not often up to it - after all there are easier positions than the completely horizontal to dominate someone from. And a bad bottom (no, not the sort you tie up) is not the greatest aphrodisiac.

There is not an awful lot anyone can do to speed their recovery from ME apart from rest. In most people it lasts about 2 years, but getting practical help while you're ill is very important. If you have the symptoms, tell your doctor and keep telling her until she listens. But be prepared for a hostile response - a survey last year found that 40% of GP's do not believe ME exists. My GP is pretty good but I had to insist in order to

lesbian bashing • hysterectomy •
AIDS • cervical cancer • rape •
bulimia • forced child-bearing
• Operation "Rescue" • pap smears •
incest • anorexia • metritis •
PMS • pre-menstrual syndrome •
• forced sterilization • hysterectomy
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M.E.

MORAG CHRISTIE

*"There are times
when my hand and
arm muscles are
screaming at me to
stop, while she's
groaning her way to
an orgasm."*

get a wheelchair, although she was happy to sign my sick notes and my applications for a disabled car sticker and severe disability allowance. Find out about the DSS benefits and apply for all of them - I was surprised, after a DSS medical, to be granted severe disability allowance (but well pissed off to find that I won't get it until my income is high enough not to need Income Support!).

As for non-financial aspects, be kind to yourself and spend plenty of time in bed. Pushing yourself is completely counter-productive. Try and get understanding friends to help you in practical ways as well as coming round to see you when you can't get out. To prevent, remember you only get one body and at times you need to give in to her limitations. If you keep ignoring her demands, sooner or later she's going to find a way to make you stop and listen.

A woman who had an HIV+ test and also works as a counsellor with HIV+ people talks about the testing process and the HIV+ lesbians she knows

I was with a woman for six months who is positive and even though I used safe sex with her there was one incident when we were out at night when she was attacked and stabbed with a broken bottle in the pub. I went to help her and in the process I also got stabbed in the hand. I only realised afterwards that her blood had gone into my hand and our blood had mixed. So I decided that I should have a test. I went to St. Anne's in Haringey which has an HIV and AIDS unit. Most units are part of general hospitals. That was good because you could just walk in without having to make an appointment. They do have a day - Wednesday - when women can come in and there aren't any men around. Most of the hospitals are equally as good. I don't recommend people to go to private clinics. Public hospitals are usually quicker with the results and they give very good pre-test counselling. You don't have to give your name at the public hospitals. During the pre-test counselling, my pre-test counsellor wanted to ensure that I knew what the risks were and that I had actually put myself at risk. A lot of people think that because they've been in a restaurant and drunk from a cup that a gay person has drunk from, they're going to be HIV positive. They advise you but you can still make your own decision.

RISKS?

A woman on her period with a partner who has cuts on her hands.

Women who suffer from eczema should use latex gloves because often they have weepy hands.

It's quite difficult to get the virus through oral sex because the virus is broken down by the saliva in the mouth and enzymes in the stomach. If there's an opening from a pulled tooth or boil in the mouth use a dental dam

TESTING?

The test can't tell you whether you have AIDS. All it can tell you is if you've got the HIV antibodies in your blood. It takes three months for these to show up so you have to wait three months after you think you've put yourself at risk before you come for testing.

At the Royal Free Hospital you have to make an appointment for the test and you get your result the same day. In most of the other hospitals in London you can walk in and have a test, but it takes two weeks to get your result. It varies depending on where you are in the country. In some places you may have to wait three weeks. You can't usually phone in for your result and the reason for this is to protect confidentiality.

Usually in London you are given your result by your pre-test counsellor. This doesn't always happen outside London. In remote country places people have just been handed their result and left alone to open the envelope. Usually in London the counsellor will ask you if you want to open the envelope or hear the result verbally.

In my case, I asked to be given the envelope.

I thought I would be positive and had prepared myself to take certain steps in my life to watch my diet etc. I had decided that if I was positive I would not go on drugs, such as AZT, DDI or DDC, I would take Pantamadine, to protect myself from PCP, and use

alternative medicines. PCP is a type of Pneumonia, which is an opportunistic illness people get because of HIV having run down the immune system. It's the disease that most people in this country have died of when they've had full-blown AIDS. Now it is very rare to die from PCP. There are three drugs that can prevent you from getting PCP and they are usually offered to people who become HIV positive. AZT, DDI and DDC are still in the experimental stage. AZT is readily available and, although it doesn't kill the virus, it stops the virus making more of itself.

I decided not to take the other drugs because friends who are HIV positive, some for ten years, who haven't taken them have lived longer than those who have. Several friends have died taking the drugs, or have come off them because the side effects, such as pains in the neck, inability to walk and chronic diarrhoea, were too much to cope with. There's been quite a lot of success with Chinese herbs, homeopathy and acupuncture.

I never recommend anything to clients, I explain the options and allow them to make their own choice.

When I collected my results, I brought my lover at that time, the woman who was HIV positive.

SHOULD WE GET TESTED?

I wouldn't say to people you should get tested or you shouldn't. I don't think getting tested is the issue. I think people should have the attitude that they will have safer sex with everyone they sleep with. It doesn't take that much effort. It means checking your fingers for any cuts that might open, checking your mouth for cuts, using latex gloves or dental dams if you have your period and not sharing toys. Once people get that into their heads, then there's no need to get tested. If you're going round sleeping with people, taking risks all the time, then you're going to have to get tested every three months. If you get tested negative today and have unsafe sex with someone tonight, you may be positive tomorrow. The message I would put out is to be careful and have safer sex.

We reckon there are quite a lot of lesbians who are positive who haven't been diagnosed as positive. A lot of people are ending up in hospital with AIDS who don't know that they are positive, so I would imagine it's the same for lesbians.

HOW MANY LESBIANS DO WE KNOW OF WHO ARE HIV POSITIVE?

We know of four in this country who have definitely contracted the virus through no other means than lesbian sex. One of those women claims it was passed through oral sex. The others are not sure if it was oral or penetrative sex. All the other lesbians that we know are HIV positive, have contracted the virus through intravenous drug use. We're not sure how many because people who use HIV and AIDS services often don't state their sexuality. From my personal knowledge, I know there are quite a lot of lesbians in Leeds, Bristol and some parts of Scotland who do have the virus, and these people are not in any statistics that I've ever looked up.

Most of the lesbians who are positive are not actually coming out and telling people that they are positive. Those that I have spoken to have said they wouldn't even tell their lesbian friends. They are quite alone.

Is It

Is It



Safe?

Over?

photo LAURENCE

VENT

It seems like the argument about whether or not we should have safer sex is being approached arse backwards. Why don't the people doing the studies first find out **what we do** and then tell us if we're putting ourselves at risk? Take the dental dam question, perhaps brought to a head! by exhaustion and near suffocation - from trying to satisfy your desire for pussy, not to mention her hungry clit, through latex. How risky are **cunt juices, menstrual blood, ejaculation, shit and piss**? Without the information how can you choose between persevering with or giving up the battle of the dam. Or make the decision to carry on or deny yourself the **drinking, smearing and rolling about in lovely, messy sex substances**. Or let's say you're going to go down on her without protection, minus your oral shield. Rightly or wrongly you've decided that the place where you bit the inside of your mouth munching food too fast doesn't count as a **sore** and although your gums sometimes **bleed**, you've bitten into an apple to check them out and you reckon they're safe. Having taken all that into consideration you start to ponder on the **saliva** issue. Does it kill the HIV potentially being carried in the **body fluids you like to lick or drink**? And if it does won't the saliva get to the virus before it gets to your gums even if they are bleeding? Here again we've had loads of contradictory information about whether saliva is completely or just partially effective in neutralising the virus. In America some experts advise against any unprotected oral sex whether or not she's bleeding, whereas here we've been told to use dams when we've got mouth sores and/or bleeding gums and periods and saliva will take care of the rest. How do you decide, when you wake up with her **caked menstrual blood under your chewed cuticles**, (from fucking in the dark so you didn't see she'd started her period) if you've put yourself or her at risk. The chewed cuticles are a dilemma. In the info with those cute safer sex packs we've been consuming, they often say wear gloves if you have '**cuts**' on your hand, and to prevent '**abrasions**' in your vagina/anus. Use dental dams if you have '**cuts**'/'**sores**' in your mouth. But there's a big difference between a cut, a sore and an abrasion. Ragged cuticles are better described as 'abrasions'. Aren't they? So we're still not sure whether those **raw**, but not bleeding cuticles mean you should have worn gloves (regardless of whether she bled because what about those vaginal/anal abrasions coming into contact with your finger abrasions?) You could err on the side of caution and always wear gloves but some of us can't or don't want to because 1) We can't afford them 2) The local chemist doesn't stock them or we don't want to explain why we're ordering them. 3) We run out and want to fuck. 4) They tighten around the wrist and restrict circulation 5) We like to feel the inside of her delicious smooth, wet cunt first hand. Another thing, what if she **ejaculates into the cuts/abrasions/sores** on your legs you got while fixing the car or whatever? At the moment, as far as I know, we're clueless about HIV in women's ejaculation fluid. When asked a couple of years ago about this a THT advisor answered 'what's women's ejaculation?'. They're supposed to be an authority on lesbians and safer sex and they hadn't heard of the body fluid that, along with piss, is likely to **spurt** the most and the furthest. The blame for this confusion lies with the **sexist, homophobic, fucked-up medical establishment** who's approach to women's health in general is complacent and practically medieval when it comes to lesbians and HIV/AIDS. There are no accurate statistics, no research and no resources to speak of. Against this backdrop of invisibility, can anyone categorically say we are not at risk.

Stay sceptical sisters!

SOPHIE



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